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ART AND THE NATIONAL IDEAL

By RICHARD F. BACH

OUR national ideal in art, as we find it in the majority of minds, is largely predicated upon two points of view. The first I find in a quotation from Kenyon Cox: "It is much easier to find a new way of being bad than to master the old way of being good and the new bad thing is, at any rate, sure to be noticed."* The other is in the tale of Father O'Neil, making all speed for the Dublin train. Turning the corner he met the Bishop. It developed they both were bound for the 12:48. Arrived, breathless, at the station, they saw the train just leaving the shed. Said O'Neil, "And I had the greatest faith in that watch." The Bishop's reply was icy: "But, O'Neil, what is faith without good works?"

Each of these attitudes has its adherents, far too many; those who follow the efficient principle of sitting back in blind faith while someone else makes the mistakes, and those who rush into new experiments without mental equipment or the grace which comes from experience. Both are illustrated in any group of three or four discussing art of any kind, and both will be found among practitioners as well as among the usually better informed laymen.

*Kenyon Cox—The Classic Spirit, p. 3.

Yet I am a confirmed optimist in the matter of our progress in art—art of all kinds, from churches to comic cartoons, from millinery to music—with but three exceptions, apartment house mantels, parlor stoves, and brass beds, and of these one is being eliminated as unnecessary, another superseded by steam heat and the third so disguised as to protect itself from public wrath.

If only there were some multiplication table of art appreciation to be learned by rote, some foolproof method, some royal road. The road so often trod by past styles and countries is easier for each that follows up to its own time only; but in turn each has a longer journey to make and beyond are still other reaches of unexplored territory through which a new way must be broken.

And this cannot be done by faith or by beating a drum. It can be done by good works, by conviction, by an understanding of cultural values. Thus far we have had too much of the policy of Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's first prime minister; in facing a difficult situation he was apt to say: "Can't you let it alone?" To be sure, the individual cannot be inoculated with the germ of art appreciation; nor can he grow one, as a crab does a new claw. He *can* "let it alone." But he can also cherish certain convictions and act on them, he can read and study and develop an interest in art as important as his present interest in natural history, in the theatre or in politics.

In fact I have wondered if on such a topic as this a political spell-binder's speech might not be the best type of attack. Thus one might shout: Art for everybody; art is made of common ordinary stuff; art is not highbrow, not highfalutin; museums are pleasure resorts; artists are people. Imagine a cart-tail orator in the October campaign of this very year hoarsely promising his constituents and proclaiming on banners in his torchlight parade: Rembrandts for all—no paydays at the Museum; Timothy O'Brien for Mayor.

Far fetched? Impossible? If art ever reaches its right-

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ful place in our polity such campaign slogans may make city chamberlains out of ward heelers. It all depends on what constitutes civic consciousness. Professional politicians are in the business of pandering to "what the public wants"—or seems to want—or might be made to think it wants. If there is an appreciable art feeling in the masses the graft mongers who hanker for swivel chairs in city halls would soon smell it out, make it a campaign issue, and we should have public galleries as large as the old Roman baths. Graft from art—a queer notion; it *has* been done, though not yet through municipal channels.

But there is more to the subject than that. Art is not local, not political. The state of affairs suggested is ludicrous, but not inconceivable, for politics has its finger on the public pulse, sensing every fluctuation. While milk shortage or coal prices command public notice, Tammany or its cage mates will not worry about "art and the people." But some future Tammany will, for future generations of Americans will think of art as of other indispensable things they have and do.

This is only a narrow and weak-kneed conception of the function of art in the community. Yet it offers us an opening here because it is a possible condition with which, in other forms, we are already familiar. It presupposes a popular willingness to consider art a factor in daily life, to speak of it as one speaks of automobiles and movies and scores of other human interests which are helpless without art. It presupposes an ability to discuss art as a breeder of the contentment which makes for progress, as the garment of life in all its walks, as the background against which developing youth sees its national and civic ideals grow or crumble.

This is a mighty claim for art. Yet this has been its function always—and especially in styles now called great has this been true. The attitude may be different in each style of art, because the conditions of living, of climate, of government, of ethics naturally differ. But all great styles

of art have been but spokes in some wheel of state: as the wheel revolved art kept its place, bore its share of responsibility and garnered its portion of public approval and understanding. But perhaps it is not so easy now. Ours is a new way of living, a way without exact precedent, a way still developing its own guiding principles. Perhaps such youthful aspiration cannot be expected to have a distinct type of art. But we have, you say: Look at our Fifth Avenue, our gowns at any formal function, our National Academy exhibitions of paintings, our sculpture in rich men's gardens, our City of Washington. And I respond: Look at our First Avenue, our frocks at a 14th Street theatre, our pictures in the comic supplement, our tenement house wall paper, our town of Horseheads, New York.

In all of these is art and in them all the sternest reason for unshakable optimism. Our difficulty with art is our difficulty with many other things that make for an easy mind: in the cities we are impatient and quick, but not so sure as we might be; in the country we are hide-bound, too sure of what has been and must therefore be good. Again, by illogical antithesis, we bear our burdens of too little art as we do our other burdens of too much taxation, with a certain dunder-headed endurance. We grumble as we pay the quarterly installment of the income tax or contribute to the candy shop's wealth in the form of a surcharge on food called ice cream soda. Also we grumble at overdecorated cups and saucers, loud-colored cravats, plays with courtesan heroines, blotchy colors and amorphous figures in modernist pictures, ear-destroying "popular" music and the landlord's lighting fixtures. But we pay for them; we buy and use them. We need a thing and go after it as though the having of it were the only road to salvation and then have neither the knowledge nor the backbone to refuse it because it is ugly.

Take, for instance, the success of a score of Broadway plays in which lascivious innuendo has been paraded as acting, take the success of a hundred swashbuckling business

men in five-reel films and of a whole regiment of alleged cowboys and strong men of the serial pictures. These get public attention as do the arguments of husbands and wives in the so-called "funny page." Meanwhile a consummate piece of artistry like *Sentimental Tommy* flickers to a dismal end. And, not to prolong the agony of self-examination, follow the trend of the music that sells; no more expressive word than jazz could have been invented. It suggests all the delicate shading of a buzz-saw and is truly befitting the covers in which it is bound. It tingles with the rhythm of bare brown feet dancing on a straw mat in the jungle; that much it has, and that is a hopeful sign for our youth, but as music, the rain of tinware Mark Twain describes in his *Connecticut Yankee* is a symphony compared with it.

Why do these things succeed? They are popular, they are of the moment, they require no thought. True, but these are palliations, not reasons. The circle of influence of the individual is very small, its radius is in proportion to his knowledge, his heredity, his experience and his personal observation and reflection, all powerfully affected and usually reduced by the physical conditions under which he lives and works. The degree to which the gifts of heredity, the knowledge gained from books, and the ability to observe and draw independent conclusions can become atrophied makes one suspect the operation of some invidious law of compensation, an insatiable compensation which demands everything in return for a mere livelihood. Thus poor art of all kinds must be superficial, must be noisy, must to a certain extent be lacking in true value or significance to reach the majority of people. In just this condition lies our greatest hope, for it promises material out of which to make American art, it promises fertile soil in which to plant the seeds of that new growth which shall be ours, as truly as Notre Dame belongs to France or the Pyramids to Egypt. I shall hope to show that beginnings have been made and great blows struck in favor of this Americanism

in art. It takes a vast number of art-conscious people to turn out a single genius. So let us count our geniuses. When we have one to a million of population we shall find taste a common virtue of the mass of our people.

For art is not only the painter's, or composer's, or designer's job—not only a matter of performance. It is also a matter of appreciation—in fact, primarily that, for appreciation implies culture and a certain spontaneity of judgment. It is only through taste in the mass that we will subdue snare drums and cowbells in our music, crimson or blue-green in our hangings and the insistent charms of carved mail-order furniture.

Henry James, in his book *The American Scene*, writes: "It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition, and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste, and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquility." And there is the whole difficulty in one word—tranquility. Must we wait for those centuries to pass, as other types of national art have done before us? Advancing time shows that more recent styles have had shorter lives than those of ancient history, also that conditions may develop—as indeed they have in this, our own, time—seeming to demand a style which is a sort of precipitate resulting from a mixture of all styles the world has known. What conclusion can we draw from these premises? Surely our present circumstances do not promise a manner of our own of shorter life than any that have preceded; or is our style to be nothing more than the "battle of styles" indefinitely continued? I believe there is more hope than that; I believe we are within sight of better things, for in some directions at least—barring our temporary discomforts of war and reconstruction—some signs of the looked-for tranquility may be discerned. What is more, living in the moment, our judgment of our own epoch is bound to have the defect of incomplete data to begin with, while other centuries pass before us in their works, each

leaving its impress, thus establishing a perspective which permits comparison, or certainly accurate evaluation.

So perhaps we are not fairly judged when we are told American art is backward, that we have written our ideals so large in other works, but have developed no individuality in art. Our problem was entirely new from every angle. Consider the conditions: Colonists in a new hard country three thousand miles by caravel from the old; a new and harder religion, the harder because self-imposed; the labor of satisfying the elemental needs of food, shelter, safety; the gradual building up toward self-expression in making their environment more attractive; and with the growth of towns and the increase of commerce and wealth, the development of a style of art, using new materials and limited talents in proclaiming the art heritage of Europe, but without models to copy other than those in memory in books. On top of that the era of mechanical invention, worked out primarily in two directions of interest to stylistic growth: quantity production and easy communication in print and transport, with their boundless benefits and insidious evils. Add to this our new form of government or our new way of working out of an old system and you have ingredients for a comedy of the gods.

In such rapid growth a perfect symmetry of mind is not to be expected. In matters of art, especially as affects public appreciation, we are much like the adolescent boy who outgrows one suit after another, the decorative properties of the suits under such conditions may almost be considered negligible.

But we have come to a halting place; the war made us take stock. Discrepancies were found in our books and now we are making all speed to realize on certain qualities of mind which we unquestionably possess, but for which we have relied upon Europe. These are the qualities that produce *design* of all kinds, but chiefly the kinds that have to do with home furnishings and clothing. There is our obstacle. A machine may be invented to weave cloth for



your coat, to sew your coat together, to make accessories for it—if you will, even to button up your coat—but no machine will ever *design* your coat. That is a task for skill of mind and hand combined, requiring training, practice, knowledge—and taste. What is there in our national experience to aid in the design of coats or cuff links or carpets? You say, the demand is answered as soon as it arises. Yes, in mechanics, but not in art. That takes longer; the failure of a mechanism is traceable and it has dangerous results that all can see, but the failure of design leaves no such mark. In the modern commercial world, to be sure, design has come to mean more, for there it has a dollar value, but who complains of a badly designed building, for instance? Who, in fact, is able to say whether it is bad?

In our form of life where, then, does the remedy lie? It should be plain to see: training of taste for the mass, training of taste and skill for those who choose design as a life work. Schools and colleges will yet be called upon to provide as part of a general education a certain training in understanding of values in art. Special schools will yet be called into existence to train experts and technicians in design as applied to the arts of use. And here I may say that such experts will be persons who are thoroughly convinced that a design on paper is a means to an end, not the main objective of a designer's life.

The greater the judgment of art in the mass of the people, the higher will be its cultural standard. Those who then choose as a life work the selling of things in the make-up of which design plays a prominent part will start from a higher level, as will also those whose vocation is to be the designing of such things.

Perhaps we may yet have in America a national school of art, where the fine, decorative and industrial arts—the arts of design by whatever name—will flourish under an aegis at once adequate and becoming; a school to enter which will be the ultimate achievement, a school which will admit a

limited number per year and accept only grade A material chosen from the ranks of practical designers engaged in profession or trade as well as from the throngs which are annually disgorged by alleged schools of art throughout the country.

But most important is the training of taste in the mass of the people; only the general schools can do it. And the instruction given must be carefully gauged; it may not accumulate like hash in the army kitchen, according to the commissary sergeant. There will be needed something of the history of art, something of the abstract but easily traceable principles of design, and something of the making or production aspect as well. Something of each of these is needed by every unwashed urchin, every high school flapper, every world-conquering college grad. Upon such a trial the gods will always smile.

But why so much art education? We can't afford objects of art, for paintings we have no room. No, but you must afford hats and doorknobs, books and handbags. You must live in houses. Are all these not art? Is there any defensible difference in artistic value between a painting and a piece of furniture? Why is St. Thomas' Church a work of fine art to be regarded with awe, while the finest piece of silk damask our factories can turn out remains just a piece of goods, an object of industrial art? The characteristic of design is present in all, some simply lend themselves more readily to production by more complicated tools. There is no fireproof wall between the arts so-called fine and those called industrial.

This is one false principle which the suggested educational measures would certainly do to death. For we are living in a different age, we use new tools, our products must serve new purposes. Shall the work of a giant pottery in Trenton using modern mechanical equipment be judged by the purely hand-work methods of the ancient attic potter? Only by the finished piece may the artist be judged, and this holds true for the piece of concerted production

turned out by the factory, as well as for the piece of individual production made single-handed by the craftsman.

But until educational advantages are available, the individual is still left to his own devices. He can read, he can study, he can keep everlastingly at the task of fixing art values in his mind. He can make museum visits a part of his weekly round of duties. Above all, he can try at least to persuade himself that art, good design, is a logical thing to expect in every item of his environment, that art is not a matter of bated breath and rubber heels, but of life and the enjoyment of it. Out of such effort a national ideal is bound to grow, for producing artists must come out of the appreciating mass.

Who knows, we may yet see art represented in the Cabinet. And there let us draw breath. Do we want art in the cabinet? Yes, we do—but do not want a Secretary of Art. We want art in the cabinet to the extent of maintaining the beauty of the land, preserving landmarks and historic records, developing Washington as the finest capital in the world, admitting objects of art duty free. A Secretary of Education or welfare would have easily conceivable duties. But a Secretary of Art—what would such an official do?

All of these are but random considerations, feints in the general direction of a national ideal in art. This ideal to be worth while must be human, that is, it must have real values. It must have, above all, the attribute of easy strength; that means mastery. A vaudeville strong-man will strain with much effect at a five-hundred-pound weight, while Sandow lifts a horse with no untoward show of effort. So Michelangelo carved and Titian painted, so Boulle made cabinets and Chippendale designed chairs, Negrolì shaped armor and Palissy made plates; so Chopin wrote and Liszt played. These were masters because values in art to them were raw materials to be shaped and their control of them was absolute.

A national ideal in art is based upon such performance because these outstanding lights are but individuals put forth by a relatively high taste in the mass of the people. The ideal does depend not only on the large number of producing artists of high calibre, but chiefly upon the understanding of art by Smith, Jones, Brown or, better yet, by Mrs. Ditto in each case.

Nor does that ideal count among its glories the virtuosity that makes animated cartoons, the finger exercises of many foreign pianists, the meaningless runs of coloratura singing; these are to a standard in art as is newspaper baseball dialect to a standard in literature. In all of these there may be technique, or, what is cleverer yet, the controlled perversion of it, but there is no beauty, for beauty means melody, harmony, satisfaction, truth and significance.

But while the "truths of the world are old, the mind craves constantly new presentations of them." So our ideal in art is not fixed; however inexorable as a standard, it changes color with the time. Art, like the life it mirrors, is always in flux. It does not fall in with that "quest of finality" which is the bane of most human thought, for finality implies an absolute standard that does not move with the world.

And our problem is new, for we want a democratic ideal in art, while all great styles of the past have been controlled, maintained or inspired by an autocratic form of government or society. So originality seems to be at a premium and the results are seen in every gift shop, those havens of "indigenous" art sprung full-blown from the brow of Jove—Jove in a cotton smock whose art is always a problem even to himself and whose New York address is Sheridan Square.

Yet there is hope even in these sufferers from hyperesthesia; we have *them* at least. Given enough of them and they will either improve their output or devour one another. The trouble is that while these unclaimed ribbon clerks flood the world with near-art, the real art of fabrics and furniture turned out by machine is not recognized.

It is in the factories that the national ideal is being hammered into shape, not in eerie studios with top lights. Not only by painters but chiefly by foundry men, woodworkers, loom operatives and the designers whose conceptions they work out. In these is a real value, for it is the value of demand from the mass, the mass that *must* have the ordinary object of machine production because it is easily had and for little money. The mass must have rugs and shirts, player pianos and beaded bags. In the design of such as these is a national ideal to be found and they in turn, if well designed, will contribute most toward it. Out of design and the understanding of it in such commodities will grow a conviction like that of old Venice in the seventeenth century. When her lacemakers had been lured to France with promise of better living, the Venetian Senate pronounced it a crime against the Republic for a lacemaker to leave its confines for the practice of his craft; the following decree was promulgated: "If any artist or handicraftsman practices his art in any foreign land, to the detriment of the Republic, orders to return will be sent him. If he disobeys them, his nearest of kin will be put into prison in order that through interest in their welfare his obedience may be compelled. If he comes back his past offense will be condoned, and employment will be found for him in Venice; but, if, notwithstanding the imprisonment of his nearest of kin, he obstinately declines to discontinue living abroad, an emissary will be commissioned to kill him, and his next of kin will be liberated only on his death." While such a decree might be ludicrous now, the spirit behind it was that which gave Venice a national ideal in art.

GOD HEARD A SONG

By GRACE ALLEN

God heard a song; and leaning, smiled,
And granted deathless youth
To Poetry, the singing child
Of Beauty and of Truth.

THE VOCIFEROUS DEAD

By ROBERT WITHINGTON

NOUS mourrons tous, disait cette femme dont l'Ecriture loue la prudence au second livre des Rois. Et nous allons sans cesse au tombeau. . . ."

Death is constantly before our minds; few subjects are so often sung by the poets or discussed by the philosophers. Vaguely are we aware that some day we shall die; the busiest and the most idle, the criminal and the philosopher cannot escape the end of this existence we call "life,"

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

How or where the end will come to us, we know not. Our friends depart, one after another, and we go our way as if we were to live forever. Men die about us; we feel their loss, but we cannot realize that the time shall come when we shall be here no longer. We know that the world existed before we came, but we have never seen it (and find difficulty in imagining it) without us. Yet, "if you die tomorrow, your dearest friend will feel a hearty pang of sorrow, and go about his business as usual." Which of us realizes, as he leaves the grave-side of a friend, that some day others will carry him to God's-acre, and come away, leaving him under the ground? The familiar old epitaph:

. . . As thou art now, so once was I,

As I am now, thou soon shalt be. . . .

is overwhelming, when we stop to think—to give it a personal application. We are in the grip of the temporal, and cannot escape.

"For thee a house was built ere thou wert born—the tomb; mouldy earth was meant for thee, still in thy mother's

womb," sang the old Saxon. "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?" Is not the gravedigger "the servant whom we forget that we possess"? Well, well, we must all go to him sometime. . . . Every cradle means a coffin.

"L'Anatomiste qui étudie le corps humain est toujours saisi d'étonnement et d'admiration lorsqu'il voit la minutie des détails qui le composent. . . . Dans la destinée des individus la Providence apporte la même prodigieuse recherche. Elle amène de loin—de très loin—les agents qui lui sont nécessaire. D'un mot, d'un regard, d'un geste, elle fait sortir un drame poignant ou une joie divine qui produisent à leur tour une foule de sentiments, et qui ont des conséquences incalculables."

Pierre de Coulevain emphasizes these "agents of Providence"—a look, a word, a gesture—in all of her books. We may not call them by the name she gives them, but we cannot deny their effectiveness. Mrs. Keays tells us how the census-taker is called upon to note the results of a girl's gay laugh. To what seeming accident do we owe our own existence?

Like the anatomist, we are struck with the delicacy of the human body—its wonderful mechanism, and the intricate details which make up the whole. It is hard to believe that we, with our sensitive physical and mental equipment, must ever become inert matter—that imperious Cæsar can ever be reduced to stopping up a hole. It is terrible to think that those we love turn to dust, and there's an end of them. "I knew him," said Hamlet, holding poor Yorick's skull, "a fellow of infinite jest. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now?" Where, indeed! What thoughts of the past were resurrected at the opening of Camille's grave! "C'était terrible à voir, c'est horrible à raconter. . . ." We are moved to think of the disintegration, the chemical changes which are going on all the time under the green sod of the

cemetery, so peaceful above the ground, flecked with shadows, under the trees. We do not care to imagine what we know is there. . . .

And we preach the doctrine of a future life. We say that our intricate organism is too important to end by furnishing food for worms. Yet we recognize the decay. "Thou fool," says St. Paul, "that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. . . . There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

We are forced to recognize the existence of a universe which lies beyond the grasp of the human intellect. We know that there are physical laws to which man must submit; that there are natural phenomena which we cannot control—or can control only within limits. Much pain accompanies our birth, and much trouble our rearing; there is so much sorrow, suffering, and sin here in this world, that we like to think there is another, and a better, where our efforts will be rewarded. There is a Supreme Being, who has made what no man could make, and who has put us here, as we put our children in school, to train us for a broader life, of which, as yet, we know nothing. And we say, "When we die, we shall find a refuge in Him."

"Blessed are they who did not see, but being blind, believed."

We are supreme egoists; we believe that the universe was created for us, and that we are God's chief care. It is, perhaps, against such as these that the French satirist levelled the bitter shafts of his irony: "God created man in His own image, and man returned the compliment." There are those who will not argue the matter: if we are not here for God's benefit, for whose, then? Certainly not for our own! Can one be sure?

"Far better 't is,

To bless the sun than reason why it shones."

Whether or not Heaven—or our idea of it—be founded on our conceit, belligerent agnosticism is un-

pardonable. If one's religion brings him comfort or inspiration, why attack it? "Does it strengthen a man in his own creed," asks Thackeray, "to hear his neighbor's belief abused?" After all, no one *knows* anything about the future life, and—despite the investigations of the psychical researchers—no one is likely to know, on earth; and the religious man (as much an "agnostic," in the true sense of the word, as anyone) is as good an authority as the "free-thinker"—who is not the least bigoted philosopher. It sometimes seems as if the name he has chosen suggested that anyone was free to think as he, the *libre penseur*, pleased! Faith may be absurd—but on the other hand lack of it is no more convincing; and one must admit that the human intellect is not infinite. Can one born blind comprehend sight?

To turn trust into doubt, to throw ridicule on religious subjects and forms, to laugh at faith, all show a small mind. What is man, that he is capable of judging his fellow? Who are we, that we can criticize the faith of our neighbor? "I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings." Who cannot echo Thackeray?

Prayer may seem absurd to you and me; we may liken him who prays to one talking through a telephone when there is no one at the other end of the line. But—even were this the true state of affairs—if such a monologue brought happiness, and peace, and help, and inspiration, why rob the faithful of them? Why seek to argue with a believer? "The delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal waking." Even if you were sure you were right (which you are not) does it do you any good to destroy faith? And may it not work much harm to your neighbor? When you see children at play, do you bring their castles in the air tumbling about their ears?

Must we choose between imbecile happiness and divine discontent? Or undertake an unending search after the unknowable? Voltaire's Brahman did not seek to destroy the happiness of the aged woman. It is not for me to say that there are no harps and haloes awaiting us in a golden-paved Heaven. I know nothing about it, but shall find out, all in good time. We are here, waiting to set out on the voyage of discovery we must each make, in his turn—which so many have made before us. "Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us; the voyage we must make alone"—sailing out into the sunset, toward the evening star, when the clear call comes. "I don't pity anybody who leaves the world," says Trackeray again, "I pity those remaining."

It does not make any difference what each of us may think about the life beyond the grave. Were one to maintain that there were none—that Death was a dreamless sleep—there is a life after death just the same—an immortality from which none of us may escape. This is no new thought, but we need to be reminded of it from time to time.

Our grief at the death of our friends is purely selfish. If we believe that there is a better world, and that they have gone there, we should rejoice, rather than lament; we should be happy that our loved ones have left this "vale of tears," and await our turn to go with what patience we may summon. If the common lot is to be extinction, our grief is more easily explained; but it really makes little difference whether we rejoin our friends in Heaven, or obtain a relief from our sorrow in oblivion. It is the end of our sorrow that we look forward to, and in either case, we find peace in the grave. The root of our grief for our dead is in selfishness; our tears are for ourselves.

"If we still love those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?" And Thackeray answers his own question: "Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always."

They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon *you*, and you will be no more seen." But we live after death in those who survive us.

To recognize the existence of this immortality, we must remember that a man cannot exist alone: that personality is not an essence which can be bottled up, or confined. Each one of us is inextricably bound with other men, and this bond—the union of man with man—makes Society. "Nor can I go on," writes Goldsmith, "without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives? How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed?" The solidarity of the race is as old as the world: "For I, a man, with men are linked."

Just as each room has its place in the plan of a house, each house in the plan of a town, each town on the map of a county, each county on the map of a State, and each nation on the map of the world, so each human being, no matter how obscure, has his well-defined place in the scheme of life. Not all of us appear on the world-map, so to speak, and some of us may feel that we are pretty unimportant; but there's many a small room the loss of which would be severely felt in a house, though its disappearance would not alter the map of the town. To quote Thackeray once more: "Well, well, we can't all be roaring lions in this world. . . ." "Because an eagle houses on a mountain, or soars to the sun, don't you be angry with a sparrow that perches on a garret window, or twitters on a twig." We may feel useless; but, as Stevenson points out, as long as a man has a friend, he is indispensable.

Every one of us exerts an influence on his fellows, no matter how obscure he may be; and often he does this without his own will—without his own knowledge.

The great motive-power of the world is the influence of one man upon his neighbor; and this influence transcends the personality it springs from. Once exerted—and its exertion is often unconscious and involuntary—it grows like the Genie released from the jar by the Arabian fisherman, until one is amazed that so great a force could have been imprisoned in so small a vessel.

We influence—our personalities “flow in” upon—everyone we meet; we become a part of the environment of those who surround us. Our slightest action may be fraught with great consequences, though we know it not. “Ah! light words of those whom we love and honour,” exclaims the author of “Tom Brown’s School-Days,” “what a power ye are, and how carelessly wielded by those who can use you!” “Indeed,” adds a writer in a recent magazine, “so far as I have traced the effect of my work, it has been the chance word, the unstudied act, the unconscious ideal, that have been the most effective for good or ill.”

All of us have the power of changing the whole current of the lives with which we are brought into contact, even if that contact lasts but half an hour. “Il est vrai qu’il y a des incidents d’une minute qui font plus qu’une cour d’une année,” says Dumas *fils* . Thus even while we are changing other lives, we are changed by others—the process is going on constantly, while those concerned sometimes do not realize it. “Some poet has observed that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial.” We can all trace in our own lives the chain of events which has led to a given situation, and it is surprising how important are the results from causes so small that at the time we hardly realized them, and may not have noticed them at all.

And our influence is often felt by those of whom we have never heard. A chance remark of yours or mine may be repeated—may even be distorted!—and bear undreamed-of results. As we influence others, we become a part of them,

and our life is bound up with theirs, even though we drift apart, and they forget our names; even though we may never have known them, or they us. And our friends, having known us, are never what they would have been—for better or worse—if they had not crossed our path. This is overpowering, when one stops to think about it.

And having influenced people long since forgotten—even people we have never seen—our life is merged with other lines. We are not dead if we leave our friends and go into a foreign land; even if they forget us, our life in them—and through them in others—goes on. And so it is when we die; we pass from sight, but our life goes on. Yorick is not dead, though Hamlet addresses his skull; Shakespeare is not dead, because he lives in us.

“What boots it whether it be Westminster or a little country spire which covers your ashes, or if in a few days, sooner or later, the world forgets you?” Ay, in a few years, at most, your name will be forgotten; but your deeds and your thoughts, translated into actions, cannot die. Our great-grandfathers are dead, but without them our great-grandchildren could not exist. And the future generations will not even know the names of their ancestors! You have eight great-grandparents: do you know their names?—the names of half of them? Our words and our acts are our mental children, so to speak; and they father a long line that insures our immortality.

Our individuality cannot be coffined. A *name* is nothing, but influence is all-important—the personality expressed by acts, not the letters that form a proper noun. How often we see names and fulsome eulogies carved on gravestones, or painted on glass, which mean nothing to us!

He who is not forgotten is not dead!

And what is life to him who lies obscure?

Says Renan, “The true men of progress are those who take for their point of departure a profound respect for the past.” History chronicles a few names—and the acts of the common people, the obscure individuals,

which have given us our present. "When kings fall out, peasants fall in."

"But what are Kings when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?"

Emperors cannot withstand the multitude. "De plus en plus," writes Payot, "l'histoire se débarrassera des noms propres pour s'en tenir aux grands faits sociaux, toujours fort hypothétiques dans leurs causes et leurs effets."

And the People, who have made the past, hand it over to us. The Past lives in us—the heirs of the ages, standing "in the foremost files of Time." And we shall live in the Future, forever. One can no more ignore the past than one can overlook the sunrise; even if not noticed, it is there—has made us what we are—and even as we speak, we are joining it in turn. It is our guide for the future, and the voices of those who have lived speak to us from their graves; and the acts of those who were mute have given us the starting-point of our course, as we, in our turn, shall give the next generation its post—the mark where it shall begin its race.

A GRAVE IN FRANCE

By GEO. L. C. MOORE

A grave in France, upon a wind-swept hill
Once rent by shrapnel! Now the grace
Of all-restoring nature clothes the place
With living green, luxuriant o'er the chill
Spent ashes of the dead. Joyously shrill,
The lark, a soaring song, floats in the space
Of sunlit heaven, and there is scarce a trace
Of war's wild tumult in a scene so still.

A grave in France! But darker, sadder far,
The grave in hearts that gave, and, giving, broke
In silence, sorrowing without surcease.
And yet they know, grief-stricken as they are,
That what was sown with tears 'mid battle smoke,
Should spring in flowers of freedom and of peace.

LITERARY AMERICAN DIPLOMATS

By ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

IN his "American Diplomacy," Carl Russell Fish, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, says: "When a President wished to gain applause in the first half of the nineteenth century he appointed an author, like James Fenimore Cooper or Washington Irving, who was expected to repay the nation by writing a book." We have, indeed, always had a diplomatic corps that has somehow been given to the tasks of the author. David Francis, Whitlock, Gerard, R. B. Child, R. U. Johnson, Egan, Reinsch, Van Dyke, A. D. White—and John Quincy Adams—have all returned, at one time or another, with manuscripts in their brief cases. No one of them, however, did lay claim or would lay claim to being a linguist.

In his diverting novel entitled "The American Ambassador," Mr. Lawrence Byrne has given the conventionally accepted, though rather harsh picture of an envoy plenipotentiary from this country. For reasons known only to Washington, Senator John T. Colbourne has been appointed Ambassador. He casts about for a secretary. A promising young man is introduced to him by a friend. The Senator says: "I am going to put through a deal about as important as anything the U. S. A. has ever done. Of course I don't speak anything but American. I'll have to rely on you to talk to those fellows for me. You speak French?" When told that the eventual secretary "knows it backwards," the Senator, now shedding lustre on Kansas, remarks: "Well, I prefer everything straightforward." This is fiction, but it is taken from life. We are a monolingual people. And our State Department does not require that our foreign representatives command any language but English.

With Europe it is the reverse. The members of the diplomatic and consular corps sent here almost invariably control English, and possibly still another language apart from their own. But it is rare that they write books based on their experience in this country. Bryce and Jusserand are the two outstanding exceptions. And it is quite difficult to overestimate the value of the works written by them. To read, for example, M. Jusserand from "English Essays from a French Pen" to "Great Men and Great Days" is to gain a sound knowledge of the English and American people, their traditions and literatures. But what Russian or German, Spaniard or Italian ever represented his country at Washington and was thereby inspired to write a book of permanent value?

The situation is thrown into relief through the appointment of John Dyneley Prince as Minister to Denmark. When Dr. Prince went to Copenhagen, no one expected him to lead a retired life. Such a course would have been in unique opposition to his habits while professor of Semitic languages at New York University and professor of Slavonic languages at Columbia University for the past twenty years. During this time he has gained for himself the enviable reputation of being the most diligent and versatile linguist, as opposed to philologist, known to the New World.

At the same time, it was hardly to be expected that Dr. Prince would be as linguistically aggressive in his new post as he has been. Hardly had he arrived when he delivered a public lecture in Danish with a Swedish accent, two languages that lie quite out of his field. His Northern auditors were surprised; they felt he was the herald of a new era.

Moreover, he attended recently a Copenhagen performance of a play given in Russian and was referred to as the sole non-Russian present who could follow the acting intelligently. He has also lectured on artificial languages and has derided Ido, Volapuk and Esperanto. He advised the

Danes to spend their leisure hours studying French, German and English. And he did this in the presence of Otto Jespersen to whom an artificial language makes a strong, and it would seem, scientific appeal.

The Danes will do well to anticipate further surprises of this kind from the present official representative of the United States. Some years ago, by way of corroboration, the maid in the Prince household, who had been engaged partly because of the many sidedness of her own tongue, suddenly informed Mrs. Prince that she was leaving. Asked why she intended making the change, she replied: "I refuse to work for anyone whose table conversation I do not understand." The Princes had taken to speaking Arabic at dinner.

Now, as the initiated know, Dr. Prince is not a *ministere de carriere*. He is a Columbia professor of languages on leave of absence and stationed for the time being in Copenhagen, one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. Nor is it interfering with the affairs of the State Department to say that the length of his sojourn in the Danish capital will not be determined by the number of years the Republican Party may remain in power. He will remain just as long as it may take him to do some literary work in which he is interested and until he is able to say with the conscience of a scholar, *Jo, Jagalar Svenska, Jeg taler Dansk and Jeg snakker Norsk*. These things attended to, he will return to the professor's task with the control of three more languages to his credit and in all probability the manuscript of a book in his letter case.

But there is an interesting fact to be noted in connection with his appointment. Is he in a position, with all his ability as a linguist, to be original at Copenhagen? By a curious coincidence he has had a redoubtable rival in the North in the person of a scholar and diplomat to whom we have never done literary justice, Henry Wheaton (1785-1848), *chargè-d'affaires* at Copenhagen from 1827 to 1835.

We have long lived under the impression that the Ameri-

can pioneer in his study of Scandinavian literature was Longfellow. According to Danish scholars who have investigated the matter, this is inaccurate. Wheaton preceded Longfellow. Indeed it was his articles, reviews, and translations from the Scandinavian that attracted, it seems, Longfellow's attention to the literary treasures of the North.

But Wheaton's record, as given in the conventional manuals, shows only that he was a renowned authority on international law and related subjects. The *Brittanica* even fails to mention the fact that he wrote an elaborate history of the Danes.

To quote "American Diplomacy" again, Professor Fish says: "The only really great American who was greatly interested in diplomacy was Henry Wheaton, who spent this period in various German posts. Performing perfectly the difficult, but not very important, tasks allotted him, he devoted his leisure to the cognate study of international law. He was recalled in 1845 and the fruit of his preparation was never gathered by the nation."

Wheaton was, to be sure, Minister to Prussia from 1835 to 1845. Otherwise Professor Fish's statement is misleading. Wheaton's vocation was international law, which can be dissociated from diplomacy only with difficulty, if the individual in question be a professional diplomat, while "he devoted his leisure" to the study of Scandinavian literatures and languages, ancient and modern.

That he did not familiarize himself with German while in Berlin, is unthinkable. As to French, he wrote "*Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens en Europe*" (1841), a book that has been translated into English and edited a number of times. Whether he knew the Scandinavian languages before going to Copenhagen is a point not easily settled. If he did not, he revealed uncommon ability to learn them once he had arrived. For what he published is indisputable evidence of a marked appreciation of works that have given trained specialists a great deal to think about over a long period of time.

His first work seems to have been his study of the "Edda," published in January, 1829. His "History of the Northmen" appeared at Philadelphia in 1831 and enjoyed the singular distinction of having been reviewed by Washington Irving. It was the sole instance in which Irving manifested the slightest interest in the North. Wheaton also published rather pretentious studies on the early Scandinavian historians, beginning with Saxo Grammaticus, on Northern folk songs, Swedish history, and reviews of some quite recondite books then being written by such scholars as Rask, Rafn, and Geijer.

He was recalled from Germany in 1845 by James K. Polk—a place had to be made for a man of another political stripe—and immediately appointed professor of international law at Harvard. But he died before taking up his new work.

In evaluating Wheaton as a linguist, we dare not overlook the odds against which he fought. He had not the slightest encouragement from the Danes. Until the appointment of Otto Jespersen at the University of Copenhagen, in 1893, English was not taught at the university, which means that it was not taught in the schools of Denmark. When, for example, Jens Peter Jacobsen, whose "Marie Grubbe" and "Nils Lyhne" are now accessible to Americans in translations, set out to translate Darwin, the happiest Danish equivalent he could devise for "natural selection" was *kvalitetsvalg*, which merely means "quality selection" and is therefore quite inadequate. Today, a Danish grade pupil could do better. All of this worked to the disadvantage of Wheaton and will work to the advantage of Prince.

In the careers of Wheaton and Prince there is an invaluable object lesson. They prove once more that America is either truly "the land of unlimited possibilities," or of marked exceptions. Notorious for our indifference to the languages of foreign peoples, we have sent one representative and now we send another to Copenhagen neither of whom needed, or needs, to feel embarrassed in any diplomatic

circle however polyglot or linguistically ambitious it may be or may have been. Indeed John Dyneley Prince's equal in the matter of languages has never been sent to Washington. We go to extremes, sometimes in a highly agreeable fashion.

Of course, no one means to contend that we have never had foreign diplomats and ministers who could not speak any language but English. In the very introduction to his "Land of the Lamas" (1891). William W. Rockhill, who served this country as its foreign representative in China, Greece, Turkey and Russia, tells with some show of pride that he "was led to learn Chinese as a means of gaining further information about the country," and that he "studied Tibetan with a friendly lama for four years." He could also read French, Italian and German. But on this basis, it could also be said that Benjamin Franklin was proficient in French—after living for a while in Paris.

As to the consular service, it is again rare that our consular representatives in Europe make any pretense at being able to enter into more than mere *causeries* with the natives of the city in which they chance to be stationed. On the other hand, the fifty-eight foreign Consuls in New York City all speak a voluble, if not wholly unaccented, English.

This is no negligible issue. As a nation we have been penalized before, and on many occasions, for the contempt in which we hold modern languages and the study of them. We should change our attitude toward them, particularly since they, as much as any other feature of contemporary life, have been shaken up by the world war. Countries that did not even exist as countries in 1914 are now vigorous and eager to communicate. And each one is asserting that its language is one of the most melodious, logical and venerable tongues of the earth. And each one of these new or revised nations is sending out its consular and diplomatic representatives, and looks to us to reciprocate.

Moreover, there is an inherent and rather disturbing

contradiction in the records of our envoys as linguists and their records as authors. They may not speak; but they will write. Indeed the honored order of procedure seems to be to cross the Atlantic, submit the credentials, rent an embassy, assign the attaches their tasks, and then start on the book, either long postponed or just inspired by the new surroundings and the new duties. Would it not be more in keeping with the initial purpose of the foreign service if our representatives made greater effort to appreciate the viewpoints of foreign peoples by conversing with them in their own language instead of attempting to interpret them to us in our language?

REQUEST

By VICTOR STARBUCK

Give me a little hunger,
A little bread and meat;
Sometimes a breath of bitterness,
Sometimes a taste of sweet:
Enough of work, enough of play;
A pipe to smoke at dusk of day
To make the day complete.

Give me a little anger;
A salt of grief and wrong:
To walk sometimes in lonely ways,
Sometimes among the throng:
A bluebird's wing, a cricket's call,
A hand to touch at evenfall
To make the days a song.

THE BRITISH TRADE UNIONS

By J. ELLIS BARKER

TOWARDS the middle of the last century England was by far the wealthiest country in the world. Its wealth was derived principally from the manufacturing industries which were the foremost in the world. At that time England produced two-thirds of the world's coal, two-thirds of the world's iron and steel and two-thirds of the world's cotton goods, and possessed two-thirds of the world's shipping. England was the world's manufacturer, merchant, banker, shipper and engineer. Its industrial supremacy was unchallenged and seemed unchallengeable. Both the United States and Germany were almost exclusively agricultural countries. The great free trader Cobden proudly proclaimed "England is, and always will remain, the workshop of the world."

England is no longer the world's workshop. Before the war not only the United States but Germany as well had gone far ahead of England in industries which England used to monopolize. What is the cause of that extraordinary decline? The most usual explanation is that England's area and resources are too small, that the vast natural wealth of the United States was bound to give them the industrial primacy. That argument does not suffice to explain England's industrial stagnation. While English industries have stood still those of densely populated Germany and Belgium have rapidly expanded. Besides, the British Empire is four or five times as large as the United States and its resources and opportunities are probably in no way inferior to those of the Republic. Great Britain, though small in area and comparatively poor in mineral resources, has great natural facilities for manufacturing. It is the only

country in the world where vast coal fields and large deposits of iron ore and limestone occur closely together on the seashore. It need scarcely be explained that the possibility of manufacturing within sight of excellent ports is a priceless advantage.

The principal cause of England's industrial stagnation is to be found in the fatal influence of the trade unions. In no country in the world has trade unionism been more highly developed than in Great Britain. The open shop is practically non-existent. The politicians have been unwise enough to place the trade unions above the ordinary law. These organizations cannot be sued for the mischief they have done. Intimidation is freely resorted to under the name of "peaceful picketing." Restriction of output has become universal, and trade union domination has resulted in the stagnation of industries, in the destruction of initiative, efficiency and progress. In the past the British industries were the most efficient in the world. Now they are lamentably inefficient as compared with the United States will show. The only census of production taken in the United Kingdom relates to the year 1907. The American census of production nearest in date was taken in 1909. The data given in the two documents may be summarized in two lines, as follows:

	<i>Number of Workers</i>	<i>Value of Products</i>
United States, private manufacturing industries only, in 1909	6,615,046	£4,134,421,000
United Kingdom, industries of all kinds, including the production of public utilities such as gas and waterworks, etc., in 1907	6,019,746	£1,617,340,000

The figures given are fairly comparable. The value of production is given in both censuses at wholesale prices. British and American wholesale prices, but not retail prices, are very much alike. Hence British and American goods compete freely everywhere. In 1907-1909 production per worker was approximately two-and-a-half times as great in the United States as in the United Kingdom. Since then

output per worker has increased in the United States but has declined in England. At present one American worker produces about as much as three British workers. It is, therefore, only natural that the wages and the standard of living are far higher in the United States than in England, that America has gone far ahead of Great Britain not only in the volume but also in the cheapness of its manufactures. Industrially speaking the United Kingdom has not 48,000,000 inhabitants but only 16,000,000. If it were not for trade union restrictions, England, by Americanizing her industries, could treble her output and with her output her national income and her national wealth.

The great advance in the methods of production during the last two decades has been deliberately nullified by the British trade unions. Restriction of production has become gospel truth to the organized workers who, in many cases, refuse to employ improved machinery, or, if they consent to use it, deliberately produce no more than they did with the inefficient machinery which it replaced. The consequence is that the purchase of improved machines causes a heavy loss to the employers. Thus the scrapping of labor-wasting machinery and its replacement by up-to-date apparatus is discouraged. The late Mr. F. W. Taylor, the eminent American efficiency engineer, wrote to me a short time before the war:

"I know of case after case in England where they use exactly the same machines as in this country, but at far less horse-power and at far less speed than they should be run, and in a manner so as to turn out nothing like half the work that is being turned out in this country; and this is due, not to the lack of proper machinery, but to the almost unalterable determination of every workman in England to turn out as little work as possible each day in return for the money which he receives. This with the English workman is almost a religion. . . .

"To illustrate the restriction of output, we had in our works a locomotive and car-wheel tyre rolling machine, which was brought from Tangye Brothers in England, and all the apparatus connected with this machine came from England. We had a splendid set of English workmen—that is, they were fine fellows, and were very skilled workers and personally not lazy or shiftless—to run this machine, and yet after working at it for three or four years they refused to turn out more than fifteen tyres

per day. We called their attention over and over again to the fact that at this rate of production we were making no profit whatever; that it was absolutely necessary to increase the production of this machine. All of our persuasion and all of our talk was of no avail whatever and we were finally obliged to discharge the whole lot of them, to get every man outside the works, and ourselves to train in an entirely new and green set of American workmen who had never seen a machine of this sort. Within three months after training them in, we had increased the output from fifteen to twenty-five tyres a day, and this output went on, right on the same machine, increasing until, three or four years later, we had an output of 150 tyres a day."

It stands to reason that the industries of Great Britain are bound to stagnate and to decline if the workers deliberately go slow in the manner described by Mr. Taylor. Unfortunately, that policy is not restricted to the engineering industry; but is universal. Some years ago the United States Tariff Board published a report on cotton manufactures in which it was stated that whereas the United States had over 200,000 automatic looms the United Kingdom had only about 10,000. The difference between the automatic loom and the ordinary power loom is this: that a weaver can tend from 20 to 30 automatic looms, but only from 4 to 8 non-automatic looms. The automatic loom was invented in England, but it is practically unused in the country of its invention, not because the manufacturers refuse to introduce it, but because the workers object to it, fearing that it would displace labor.

As the United Kingdom has practically no waterfalls and no oil the manufacturing industries of the country have to rely practically exclusively on coal as a source of power. Although miners' wages are considerably higher in the United States than in the United Kingdom, coal is much more expensive in low-wage England than in high-wage America, because the American miner produces about five times as much coal per day as the British miner. Mining methods and mining machinery have been vastly improved during the last few decades. In consequence of that improvement, output per miner per day has greatly increased in the United States and elsewhere, but in the

United Kingdom output per man per day has declined from 1.33 tons in 1880 to 0.80 tons of recent years. The startling difference between coal production per worker per day in Great Britain and the United Kingdom cannot be entirely attributed to the fact that the United States exploit thick seams lying near the surface while England is working on thin seams lying at a great depth. In recently opened and perfectly equipped mines in South Yorkshire which work thick seams, output per man per day is smaller than in the poorest American mines. British employers complain bitterly about the unwillingness of miners to produce more than a minimum of coal and that the trade unions prevent the introduction of the best labor-saving machinery. The huge waste caused by this short-sighted policy may be seen by the fact that the United Kingdom produces half the quantity of coal produced by the United States with double the number of miners.

The trade unions have damaged many British industries, among them the iron and steel and engineering industries, and they have enabled not only the United States, but Germany as well, to go rapidly ahead of the United Kingdom. Previous to the war the production of iron was almost stagnant in Great Britain, while it rapidly increased in Germany, as the following figures show:

PRODUCTION OF IRON

	<i>In Germany</i>	<i>In United Kingdom</i>
1890	4,658,000 tons	8,033,000 tons
1913	19,292,000 tons	10,260,000 tons

Between 1890 and 1913 English iron production increased by 20 per cent., while German iron production increased by more than 300 per cent. In 1890 England produced almost twice as much iron as Germany, while in 1913 Germany produced almost twice as much iron as the United Kingdom. In steel the position had changed no less strikingly to England's disadvantage. Commenting upon the rapid expansion of the formerly insignificant German iron and steel industry, and upon the utter stagnation of the English iron and steel trade, which used to

dominate the world, an authoritative German technical handbook, "Gemeinfassliche Darstellung des Eisenhüttenwesens," Dusseldorf, 1912, stated:

"No land on earth is as favourably situated for iron production as is England. Extensive deposits of coal and iron, easy and cheap purchase of foreign raw materials, a favourable geographical position for selling its manufactures, reinforced by the great economic power of the State, made at one time the island kingdom industrially omnipotent throughout the world. Now complaints about constantly increasing foreign competition become from day to day more urgent. These are particularly loud with regard to the growing power of the German iron industry. The German trade unions, with their Socialist ideas, are opposed to progress. If their aspirations should succeed, the German iron industry would be ruined. An attempt on the part of the German trade unions to increase the earnings of the skilled workers by limiting the number of apprentices, the imitation of the policy which has been followed by the British trade unions, would produce a scarcity of skilled workers in Germany as it has in England. The British iron industry should be to us Germans a warning example. The English trade unions, with their short-sighted championship of labour, with their notorious policy of 'ca'canny' (the limitation of output), and with their hostility to technical improvements, have seriously shaken the powerful position of the British iron trade."

The British Empire, as previously stated, is four or five times as large as the United States. Yet the vast over-sea possessions of the United Kingdom have only half the railway mileage of the United States. The British iron and steel industries might enjoy decades of unheard-of prosperity by supplying the Empire with an adequate railway outfit which is bitterly needed. However, the attitude of the British trade unions makes a great expansion of production impossible. Unless the trade unions abandon their policy, the railways of the British Empire will be built by the Dominions themselves and by the United States and Germany.

One of the highest authorities on British labor questions is Lord Askwith, who was Comptroller-General of the Commercial Labor and Statistical Department and Chairman of the Fair Wages Advisory Committee. He is a great friend of labor. He wrote in his book "Industrial Prob-

lems and Disputes," in which he laid down the experience of a lifetime spent in settling labor disputes:

"It would be useless to calculate how much talent and how many rising hopes have been dashed down in the atmosphere of insistence on time-work with its watchword 'Keep your time by the slowest,' or in the absolute command of foremen or colleagues that the number of rivets, the tale of bricks, the lasting of boots, the cuts of clothes, or output of articles of every kind must be kept within or below the rule of the shop.

"A discharged soldier, who returned to work for a motor-car firm at Birmingham, found that in turning cylinders he could do a job in forty-three minutes, and he maintained this speed for three weeks. The man was warned that the official time was seventy minutes. The warning being ignored, on November 4th last the union stopped the shop until the man was moved to other work. The same kind of intervention seems to take place on most engineering work on which piece rates are paid.

"In the collieries the restriction is exercised indirectly. If a miner exceeds a certain output per day, varying from 4 to 7 tons, he finds himself delayed by the 'shunt' men, who cut down his supply of tubs and props. In South Wales and Lanarkshire the output laid down is a fixed number of tubs per day, called a 'stint', and if this were regularly exceeded the pit would be stopped to enforce it. The same applies to the docks. Recently a ship discharging grain in bulk in Birkenhead was stopped because the union considered that 150 tons a day was an excessive rate, though the rate was laid down both in the ship's charter party and the sale contract. The result is that the elevators are now running at 23 per cent. below full speed. In Cardiff and elsewhere carters are not now allowed to load more than one tier on team wagons. On November 10th last a team-lorry was stopped in Bute Street, Cardiff, by the union delegate, and the carter made to unload eight bags which were in a second tier. At Immingham a motor-lorry was stopped because it had a full 6-ton load. The driver asked the delegate what the limit was, and he said, 'I don't know; but you have got too much on there, anyhow.'

"The restriction is of special moment when we find it applied to house building. At Huddersfield, during the building of an extension, four men were stopped by their union for three days because they laid 480 bricks in a day of eight hours. A slater was warned at the same place because he fixed a gutter—a plumber's job—in order that he might get on with his own work. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely."

The mischief done by the British trade unions is by no means restricted to economic matters, but extends to politics as well. Modern socialism arose on the continent of Europe. Its originators were revolutionaries belonging to the middle classes. They aimed at the overthrow of society.

When they discovered that their unaided strength did not suffice to achieve their aim, they turned towards the labor organizations, striving to make them subservient to their policy. Many of the French and German revolutionaries fled to England and attached themselves to the powerful trade unions. Thus the trade unions fell gradually under the domination of revolutionaries and adopted a revolutionary policy. They aimed less at improving the conditions of the workers than at destroying the hated capitalists, a policy which naturally was most harmful to the workers themselves. By restricting production and by incessant strikes they naturally restricted consumption as well and caused widespread poverty and unemployment. Wishing to impoverish the capitalists, they used their political influence by insisting upon state regulation, harmful to industry, and higher and ever higher taxes placed upon the rich, the proceeds of which were to be spent with the utmost lavishness on doubtful social experiments. Thus both the national capital and the national productive power were simultaneously reduced.

The extremists had acquired the control of the great labor organizations, and the leaders fell more and more under the influence of those who advocated a policy of violence, destruction and revolution. The rise of Bolshevism in Russia was greeted with delight by many of the leading agitators who became frank advocates of the Moscow policy. The great labor daily, the *Daily Herald*, preached unceasingly a revolution on Russian lines. When, during the war between Russia and Poland, the Bolshevik armies were approaching Warsaw, and when the Western Powers contemplated taking measures for preventing Poland and all Europe from being overwhelmed by the Bolshevik flood, the leading trade unionists called a conference and created a Council of Action which threatened the British government with revolt and revolution, should it come to Poland's aid, and which made preparations for taking over the British government. The creation of that council was,

in the words of the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, the head of the powerful railway unions, "a challenge to the whole constitution of the country." Another labor leader, Mr. Bromley, stated at the time: "For purposes of peace and war, the fifteen of us have practically taken over the government of the country." Had the Bolsheviks succeeded in taking Warsaw and had France and England tried to intervene, an attempt at overthrowing the British government would undoubtedly have been made by the Council of Action and by the socialist and labor organizations represented in that council.

The British trade unions have inflicted great and almost irremediable harm not only upon the United Kingdom and upon the British Empire, but upon the workers themselves. Prosperity is impossible without high production, for prosperity means nothing except high consumption. The organized British workers have been made to demand higher and ever higher wages in respect of a totally insufficient, stagnant and lately shrinking output. It is true that the British workers are better off at present than they were twenty, thirty or forty years ago, but that improvement has been brought about not owing to the trade unions, but in spite of them. It has been brought about by the increase of production consequent upon the introduction of improved machinery. If the trade unions had had their way, national production would be lower now than it was in the past and the working man's standard of living would be correspondingly lower. At present the United Kingdom suffers from unprecedented unemployment, although the world is starving for goods. Immediately after the armistice an agitation for vastly increased wages and greatly reduced hours of labor began, and the prices of British goods were doubled and quadrupled. Naturally the impoverished nations could not buy British goods at the huge prices demanded. Foreign nations had been impoverished by the war and by the tremendous fall in the prices of foodstuffs and of raw materials, while the British people

had been impoverished by confiscatory taxation. There is ample work in the United Kingdom for all who are willing to work at reasonable rates. A million new houses are needed and half the existing houses are in shocking disrepair. However, the owners of house property cannot afford to build and repair freely at the high rates demanded by labor in respect of an utterly insufficient output. Nearly half a million women are drawing unemployment pay. Yet servants are almost unobtainable. Trade union domination has brought about widespread ruin in the United Kingdom, and unless the trade unions change their policy they may succeed in destroying the greatness of the Kingdom and of the Empire.

THE RESTFUL RIDE

By AGNES WYNNE

I love to ride in the evening
Toward a sunset gleaming gold,
For it gives a rapturous feeling
Such beauty to behold.

I watch the twilight draw
A gray shade o'er the scene
Like a shadow that often steals
O'er happiness that has been.

Sometimes the shadow is dark,
And happiness seems of the past,
But memory, like sunrise,
Will not allow shadows to last.

Thus the span of life is divided—
Black nights, gold-gleaming days,
Happy hours that flit and go
And life's sorrows that come always.

A NOTE ON THE GENIUS OF AUGUSTE RODIN

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I

IN Rodin's finest creations he has indicated the vain struggles, the vain desires, the insatiable longings, the murderous divisions, of the ephemerides man and woman. In his astonishing drawings from the nude we see women carried to a farther point of simplicity than even in Degas: woman, the animal; woman, in a strange sense, the idol. Not even the Japanese have simplified drawing to this illuminating scrawl of four lines, enclosing the whole mystery of the flesh. Here a woman faces you, her legs thrown above her head; here she faces you with her legs thrust out before her, the soles of her feet seen close and gigantic. She squats like a toad, she stands rigid, she lies abandoned. The face is just indicated, a face like the face of a savage idol; and her body has rarely any of that elegance, seductiveness, and shivering delicacy of life, which we find in the marble. It is a machine in movement, a monstrous, devastating machine, working mechanically, and possessed by the one rage of the animal. Often two bodies interlace each other, flesh crushing upon flesh in all the exasperation of a futile possession; and the energy of the embrace is indicated in the great hand that lies like a weight upon the shoulders. It is overpowering, and it has the beauty of all supreme energy.

But always, as Rodin said to me, there is ecstasy. Often it is a perverse ecstasy; at times, as in the *Iris*, as in the *Muse* who swoops like an eagle, as in the radiant figure with the sun in his hair who flings open the gates of the mountains in the monument of General Savmiento, it is pure joy; often, as in the *Hugo*, the *Duvis de Chavannes*, it is the ecstasy of creative thought. But always there is

ecstasy. On the contrary, in the paintings of Watts, which Rodin disliked, there is no ecstasy. Yet a figure of Satan, for instance, indicates the malevolent pride of the intellect, in the poise and gesture of a body only partly alive and but slightly touched with beauty. An artist may paint great pictures by painting, as Degas did, Desboutsins sitting at a café-table in Paris, drinking absinthe; but to Watts that would not be a great picture. Sargent, whom Rodin admired, pours the crude light of the studio roof upon all in a man that would most escape that interrogation, crying to him roughly to speak out, stripping off some of his shyest and most honest disguises, and giving us, as the truth, whatever remains over after the soul has been frightened out of sight. Manet, who was an intimate friend of Rodin's, is not more tender, but he is more complete in his capture, giving us life, as well as the moment, and the whole sensitive intelligence of the flesh, which to him is the whole of life. All those will have things in their own way, will snatch the energy or the beauty they desire, like a thing possessed wilfully. Carrière, who had, so he assured me, a passionate admiration for Rodin, as he gives the rhythm of his mother and child almost evades the limits of the frame, so that the rhythm seems a wave of the sea arrested in its motion and as if still in movement. In Carrière, as in Rodin, there are no specimens, but growing things; the flower scarcely plucked, still alive from the root, a part not yet cut off from universal nature. And that is why Rodin leaves the foundations of his form unshaped in the marble, why he gives the animate being some foothold on the earth.

I met Auguste Rodin in Paris, 182 rue de l'Université, in May, 1892. The last time I saw him was at a dinner given in Old Burlington Street in 1907.

He spoke to me of Stéphane Mallarmé's conversation and his way of writing—full of foreshortening—"many people don't understand foreshortening." Certainly Mallarmé, whom I met later, of whom I have written elsewhere,

used in his later work this artistic heresy. Imagine his poem written down, at least composed. With this most writers would be content, but with Mallarmé the work has only begun. He works over it, word by word, changing a word here, for its color, which is not precisely the color required; a word there, for the break it makes in the music. A new image occurs to him, rare, subtler, than the one he has used; the image is transferred. By the time the poem has reached, as it seems to him, a flawless unity, the steps of the progress have been only too effectually effaced: and while the poet, who has seen the unity from the beginning, still sees the relation of point to point, the reader, who comes to it only in its final stage, finds himself in a not unnatural bewilderment. Pursue this manner of writing to its ultimate development; start with an enigma, and then withdraw the key of the enigma; and you arrive, easily, at the frozen impenetrability of those latest sonnets in which the absence of all punctuation is scarcely a recognizable hindrance.

Rodin told me that the inspiration for *La Porte de l'Enfer* came to him in 1875. When I saw it, it covered the entire space of one vast wall; there was the great door, and on either side of the door climbed up and down tormented creatures, crawled and coiled: all one headlong flight and falling, in which all the agonies of a place of torment, which is Baudelaire's rather than Dante's, swarm in actual movement. *Femmes damnées* lean upward and downward out of hollow caves and mountainous crags, they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip, they embrace blindly over a precipice, they roll together into bottomless pits of descent. And all this sorrowful flesh is consumed with desire, with the hurrying fever of those who have only a short time in which to enjoy the fruits of desire. Their mouths open towards one another in an endless longing, all their muscles strain violently towards the embrace. They live only with a life of desire, and that

obsession has carried them beyond the wholesome beauty of nature, into the violence of a perversity which is at times almost insane.

Pater divines in Michelangelo not only the wonderful strangeness of his genius, but also a lovely strangeness in his sweetness—*ex forti dulcedo*. Assuredly, a certain strangeness is an element in all these works of art; there is no excellent beauty which has no strangeness in the proportion. Poetry, like so many of the other arts, conforms the shows of things to the desire of the soul. There is no passion in Michelangelo's sonnets to Vittoria Colonna; the only images he uses are fire and frost, once the phoenix, fire which consumes rock; for this complaining spirit, that was houseless, introduces thoughts of death and love into his verses. As for Rodin, when he praises life it is like a priest who praises God: Rodin is drunk with the divinity of life as Spinoza was drunk with divinity. He is one with Balzac and with Shakespeare in his creation of life out of chaos, in the ardor and in the fire with which he embraces the unbodied spirit of man. When he spoke to me, something of that equable and intense flame that possessed him seemed to pass into my veins. Ask him a question and he answers like one who has meditated so intensely that the answer springs from his lips. Once when he showed me his mysterious little statue—the man kneeling so strangely in adoration before the woman in whose face there is the Sphinx and the Child—he said to me: "Tell me what this means: what is your impression of it?" "Le mystère de l'Amour," I said. He then spoke of his adoration of Donatello and of Baudelaire, while he was showing me his *Orpheus and Eurydice*—whose sorrow is infinite, a sorrow beyond the grave's sorrow—in the hollow of the cavern, hell's smoke rising around them, Cerberus indicated; it is sublime, dramatic, posed and poised there in the midst of his white world of living clay.

Between the Greeks and Donatello there had been great sculpture; but the art, as an organized individual thing,

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awoke only in Donatello. So, when Rodin travelled in Italy, he learned many of his secrets from the great Florentine; aware, certainly, that with Donatello awakens and dies a whole art of his own, that after him ancient sculpture is over and modern sculpture has begun.

Rodin told me of the strange fascination that seized on him when for the first time in his life he saw surge before his vision Donatello's painted terra-cotta bust of Niccolò da Uzzano, in which he saw a kind of hungry and lean realism which brings a new quality, almost but not too eager to burst through the bounds of form: the head, with the blood on its cheeks, the living eyeballs under the brows, which seems to turn visibly on its crinkled neck, as if literally about to utter words, has a terrifying beauty, perhaps too deceptively human to be more than an exciting and bewildering thing. He told me of his surprise when he saw the Magdalen, a representation of an aged sinner, which is really a kind of *Vielle Heaulmière*, done very literally after nature, which excels all that has been done in the typically Spanish art of wood-carving. I saw Alonso Cano's pictures of Vizigoths Kings, in the Prado at Madrid. It is a panel representing souls burning in red flames; four men and two children, with others seen shadowily, lifting their hands, not without hope, out of the burning. It gives, without criticism, all the cruelty of religion.

Rodin's conceptions are colored like those of painting—only the conceptions; he never used raw colors in any of his statues, such as some of the later sculptors used by way of decoration. In all his work there is a cunning adjustment of shadows. *He never measures his proportions*—a procedure which at times results in a certain hardness; there is always his wonderful modelling, which shows the veritable blood in the veins—an effect which no other sculptor gets. Always, even in his bronzes, there is the awakening of life, where the unbounded spirit seems to revel in the absoluteness of its freedom. And as in Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine, Rodin's vivid and eternal world—in which we

ourselves seem to move—shows us meditative and joyous beings, joyous even in hell, where their torment's rapture broods in limbs and eyes with the same energy as the rapture of God in creation.

All Rodin's secret, I must repeat, for he often told me of it, consists in exaggeration. That is how he gets such living effects, without any of the hardness of other sculptors—certainly not in the sense of Merimée's phrase: "All art is exaggeration *à propos*. So, in his masterpiece *Le Porte de l'Enfer*, Greek lyric art becomes a great epic, or rather an immense drama, in which stone becomes music, becomes song. In this passionate and elemental creation, his Hell—as he himself assured me—is Baudelaire's, rather than Dante's; for his figures are literally *Femmes Damnées*; they swarm, they fall, they fly, they escape, they writhe, they lean upward out of hollow caverns, they cling to the world's edge, they roll together into the bottomless abyss.

Take, for instance, two figures that I saw in his studio. One, a woman, rigid as an idol, stands in all the peace of indifference; the other, a man tortured with desire, every muscle strained to exasperation, writhes in the ineffectual energy of a force which can but feed upon itself. She is there, before him, close to him, infinitely apart, and he could crush, but never seize her. In the exquisite rendering of the Temptation of Saint Anthony the saint lies prostrate, crouched against the cross, which his lips kiss feverishly, as he closes his pained eyes; the shoulders seem to move in a shuddering revolt from the burden which they bear unwillingly: he grovels in the dust like a toad, in his horror of her life and beauty which have cast themselves away upon him. And the woman lies back luxuriously, stretching her naked limbs across his back, and twisting her delicate arms behind her head, in a supple movement of perfectly happy abandonment, breathing the air; she has the innocence of the flesh, the ignorance of the spirit, and she does not even know what it is to tempt. She is without perversity; the flesh, not the devil; and so, perhaps, the more perilous.

I give here my first impression of Rodin's Ugolino I saw in Maudon in 1904, which I recognized to be Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, before I give my final impression after seeing it in the Rodin Musée in 1921. For, as I looked, the man's likeness seemed to go out of it, and the likeness of a beast come into the hands, clutching the ground like paws, and into the neck lengthened and swollen into a beast's neck, and into the feline eyes, and into the mouth drawn open in groan or growl which surges upward through the body. It is to represent Nebuchadnezzar eating grass, and the idea came into the figure, caught in passing, and developed in a series of conscious and significant changes. The Ugolino as I saw it in Paris is, in conception and in execution, magnificent. Rodin reveals, as Dante revealed in his *Inferno*, the weird and haggard beauty, the tenacious hold on life of Ugolino, in the utter despair in his eyes, in his last agony, his whole body convulsed by his unimaginable tortures. He lives, he hates to die, to have to die—this hideous sensation more than ever abnormal—for the violence of animal life vibrates in every limb. His throat is convulsed, like a snake's; the mouth that famishes gapes wide open; the nerves of the face writhe. The dry mouth feels the pangs of an unutterable thirst. His back is one mass of convulsed muscles that stand out, showing the lean ribs. It required all Rodin's genius to express for all time the intense agony of a living death. The death-sweat is upon him; it drips from his tangled hair. The profile is beautiful—it has the beauty of the horror of death. He is sublime, as sublime as when Dante created him.

Among the Creators of the Sublime are Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Blake and Rodin. One has only to read the wonderful third canto of the *Inferno* to find that it attains both tragedy and sublimity. Always Dante gives one a sense of Infinity. There is nothing delusive in the consummate and unsurpassable scene where Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta are seen by Dante floating on

the flames of hell, eternal lovers; there is nothing delusive in the tragic and horrible scene of the Ugolino and his sons.

The motto of d'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* might well be the line of Dante:

"Noi che fingemmo il mondo de sanguigno"

and the play is more than a tragedy of two lovers; it is a study of an age of blood. Dante, in his *Inferno*, leaves out all but the bare facts of love and death; the Italian dramatist gives us two people of flesh and blood, luxurious people, who love beautiful things. When the moment is reached which must in a play be the great moment, when the dramatist seems to come into actual competition with Dante, d'Annunzio is admirably brief.

And it is for Dante—as it was afterwards for Rodin—after his arraignment of the cruelty of things, to see clearly before him in vision the approach of the hour when all these miseries that he has sung, and mountains more of them, shall weigh down the ultimate scale of the balances of the wrath of God.

THE TREES

By BERNARD BENSON

There is that harmony in trees
That I would fain possess:
The silken-soft caress
Of lyric lightness in the breeze—
Upholding homes: embowered rooms
Among the blooms, where nestlings cry.
The truthful trunk that cones the sky
Thick-hung with boughs across,
Close-pressed by ministering moss.
The fullness in the flavored fruit;
The firmness of the grounded root,
Still purposeful to hold desire
When autumn comes with lift of fire.
And I would have the heart of these:
That brotherhood that is in trees
To Heaven hold in sun and rain,
Nor live a thrall to Winter's chain.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH FOURTH

By VICTOR ROSEWATER

THE year 1926 will bring to us the 150th birthday of the immortal Declaration, the document penned by Thomas Jefferson and made effective by an imposing array of autographs, topped by that of John Hancock in letters "big enough for King George to read without spectacles." All these signatory exercises took place in the City of Philadelphia, in the Declaration Chamber in Independence Hall which has been lately restored to original condition and is to be maintained perpetually as a sacred shrine for liberty-loving patriots.

It is well to know that the extraordinary character of our national holiday has been recognized from the outset. Under the spell of the still resounding tones of the Liberty Bell, it has been celebrated in Philadelphia with almost continuous regularity from the very first. The first birthday party, July Fourth, 1777, indicated, according to all accounts, the kind of exuberance and jubilation that was to be manifested at each recurrence of the occasion. "The vessels in the harbor," so we are told, "displayed all their bunting, manned their yards and fired salutes. Congress still in session in Philadelphia gave a dinner to civil and military notables at the City Tavern, the ironical feature of which was that Rahl's captured Hessian band furnished the music and a corps of deserters from the British Army, now in the service of Georgia, fired *feux de joie*." After the banquet the members of Congress reviewed an artillery battalion, the Maryland Light Horse and a North Carolina brigade, and at night the bells were rung, the houses were illuminated and fire-works displayed upon the common. Lights, however, were ordered out at 11:00 o'clock and unusual pre-

cautions taken to guard against fire and prevent riots. "Some windows," declares the chronicle, "were still broken by the mob in houses tenanted by obnoxious persons and there was disorder enough to give the Quakers a pretext for lodging complaints."

The celebration of the early Fourths in Philadelphia, the Cradle of the Declaration, were of a military character reminiscent of the Revolution and focused about its veterans who were always the conspicuous participants. In 1780, the fourth Fourth, the feature was the parade of Col. Nicola's invalid regiment and the artillery regiment, who marched to the State House and in the presence of Congress and the Executive Council of the State, performed various evolutions amid firing of guns and ringing of bells.

For variation, in 1781, the Fourth was celebrated "in rather sober fashion," Congress, the State officials and the French Minister attended the graduation ceremonies at the College, after which "a cold collation" was served in the State House.

In 1782, the observance of the day took the form of ringing of bells, firing of salutes, and other demonstrations, and an official visit on the part of M. de Luzerne (the French diplomatic agent) to Congress to present his congratulations.

The celebration in 1784 seems to have initiated another feature that has long persisted. The drawing card was to be a balloon ascension by an aeronaut from Baltimore who proposed to ascend from an enclosure in a field near the City. The announcements give the price of admission at "\$2.00 for the first place and 10 shillings for the second," the enterprise being financed by subscription from citizens generally. To stimulate the public curiosity and thus aid in procuring subscriptions, a letter was published written by Benjamin Franklin stating that he had seen in France the balloon in which Professor Charles and the Robert Brothers had ascended. The historian tells us that the Baltimore aeronaut, Carnes by name, failed to appear on the Fourth, but on the 17th undertook to redeem his promise of an

ascent, not from the field previously selected but from the prison yard. The balloon, or aerostat, is described as made of silk, 35 feet in diameter, and inflated with air heated by a furnace weighing 150 pounds. When the balloon had reached the height of 10 or 12 feet, it struck against the wall that enclosed the yard and the aeronaut was thrown out. Thus lightened, the balloon shot up with great rapidity and at the novel sight a mighty shout rose from the multitude, assembled in an adjoining space, now Washington Square. "When the balloon had traveled southward until it seemed no larger than a barrel," so the story continues, "it was seen to be in a blaze having caught fire from the furnace and in a few seconds was consumed. As the great majority of the spectators supposed the aeronaut to be still in the balloon, not having heard of the accident at the jail yard, they went home under the impression that they had witnessed a fearful catastrophe, and it was not until the next day that the truth became generally known."

The most pretentiously celebrated of the earlier Fourths was that of 1788, which combined commemoration of the Nation's independence with jubilation over the adoption of the new Federal Constitution. On June 21st New Hampshire had formally ratified the instrument, being the ninth State, the one needed to make it effective, and the patriotic citizens of Philadelphia immediately planned a demonstration for the new Union on the Fourth of July by which time Virginia had joined in as the tenth State. Through extracts from the official report of the chairman of the committee on arrangements, some interesting details may be gathered.

"The rising sun was saluted with a full peal from Christ Church steeple and a discharge of cannon from the ship 'Rising Sun,' commanded by Phillip Brown, anchored off Market Street and superbly decorated with flags of various nations. * * * The several parts which were to compose the grand procession began to assemble at 8:00 o'clock in the morning at the inter-section of South and Third streets. Nine gentlemen distinguished by white plumes in

their hats and furnished with speaking trumpets were superintendents of the procession."

"The different companies of military, trades and professions, had previously met at different places in the city of their own appointment where they were separately formed by their officers and conductors and marched in order, with their respective flags, devices and machines, to the place of general rendezvous."

The procession was headed by "twelve axemen dressed in white frocks with black girdles round their waists and ornamented caps" followed by the "First City Troop of Light Dragoons," after which came "Independence," personated "by John Nixon, Esq., on horseback, bearing the staff and cap of Liberty, under the cap a silk flag with the words 'Fourth of July 1776' in large gold letters." The numerous allegorical representations included "The French Alliance," "Definitive Treaty of Peace," "New Era," "Conventions of States," "The Constitution," "The Ten States That have Ratified," "The New Roof" (of the Federal Structure), "The Federal Ship 'Union'." There were tradesmen of all crafts in the line which extended for about a mile and a half, and during the procession the pressmen were at work and struck off many copies of the ode composed for the occasion by F. Hopkinson, Esq.

"As soon as the rear of the line had arrived (at Union Green), James Wilson, Esq., addressed the people from the Federal Edifice in an eloquent oration."

"After the oration the company went to dinner. No spirit nor wines of any kind were introduced. American porter, beer and cider were the only liquors. With these were drunk the following toasts announced by the trumpet and answered by a discharge of artillery, a round of ten to each toast, and these were in like manner answered by a discharge from the ship 'Rising Sun' at her moorings."

The success of the celebration is confirmed by information that there were 5,000 marchers and about 17,000 people congregated on Union Green, while the weather was re-

markedly favorable for the season, "cloudy without rain."

One would naturally expect the 50-year jubilee of the signing of the Declaration to constitute an especially gala event, and perusal of newspaper files of the day fully sustain this conclusion. The story of the Fiftieth Fourth, (which by the way was not printed by the enterprising newspapers of the day until the 6th), describes its celebration "in all the modes which inclination or duty prescribed, various in kind but all replete with the enthusiasm which the recollections of the occasion never failed to inspire." The parade was "numerous and splendid", the troops of cavalry attached themselves to the regiments and several companies of riflemen and others from the vicinity joined in the march and assisted in the usual salutes which were reverberating over the city throughout the whole day. "Most of the companies dined separately after the parade and interchanged civilities." Orations were delivered and the Declaration read before the Society of the Cincinnati (at the Hall of Independence), the Peace Society and numerous other associations which were succeeded by convivial gatherings and appropriate ceremonies. The citizens for the most part abandoned their customary vocations and spent the day in the amusements and recreations open to them. "Various entertainments were held by members of the different political parties and," it is added, "the excesses and licentiousness were not beyond what must naturally be expected from such uncontrolled rejoicing."

The nature of the more formal entertainments is reflected in the account of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, which, after transacting their business at the State House, adjourned to Head's Hotel "where, being honored with the company of several respectable guests, they partook of an excellent dinner to which the following toasts, accompanied by appropriate music and interspersed with songs were given and the day passed with cordial festivities." Among the toasts listed are "The 50th Anniversary of the National Independence—whose grateful celebration attests the un-

rivalled prosperity of a free and happy people," "Our Sister Republics of the Southern Continent," "The Patriotic and Gallant Greeks," "General Lafayette."

No reference to the Fiftieth Fourth should omit to mention that on that day two of the most notable figures in our struggle for independence died—both of them former Presidents—Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, and John Adams, statesman and diplomat. Just a few days previously this unsigned communication had appeared in a Philadelphia paper:

"A brilliant opportunity presents itself to the various military and convivial parties which will assemble on the Fourth of July to evince by a spontaneous movement their grateful remembrance of the service to his country and to civilized man by the author of the Declaration of Independence. When this interesting document, rich in profound and durable principles of liberty, shall be read can not a subscription be at once opened in order to swell the fund now collecting in the State?

"It is recommended, earnestly recommended, that this project may be adopted and pursued; and that the 50th anniversary may be signalized by a display of generous feelings equally honorable to us and acceptable to Thomas Jefferson.

"All sums, however small, thus obtained can be transmitted to Edward Burd, Esq., at the corner of 9th and Chestnut Streets, to be finally appropriated, agreeably to the resolution of the late town meeting 'either in purchasing an annuity for the illustrious benefactor of his country or in such other way as may be deemed most expedient to ensure his personal and permanent relief."

The death of Mr. Jefferson put an end to the proposal although it is of record that a total of nearly \$2,500.00 so collected was turned over to his heirs. Incidentally it may be noted that the announcement of the death which occurred on the Fourth was not made in Philadelphia until the newspaper issue of the 8th, which also carried an unconfirmed

report of the death of John Adams, verified only later. In a reprint from a Baltimore paper, we find, furthermore, what seems to be a boast that only one "Signer" now survives, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

It should be recalled, too, that an official celebration of the Fiftieth Fourth was held at the National Capital in Washington, for we have references to it in published letters of both Jefferson and Adams expressing regret at their inability to attend.

During the Civil War, the Fourths were once more inspired by a revived patriotism and reflect a more martial fervor. We are told that Independence Day 1861 "was celebrated with more than usual spirit," the feature of the day being an imposing parade of local military organizations.

Again in 1863 rumors of the nearby great battle of Gettysburg were rife and "their contradictory and uncertain character aroused excitement and alarm to a pitch never before seen" and "this Fourth of July passed in gloomy uncertainty."

The Fourth of July 1866 set the limit for the Civil War record of the State of Pennsylvania by the return of the flags which had been carried by Pennsylvania troops on all battlefields. It was a veritable flag jubilee. A great military parade, headed by Major General Winfield Scott Hancock and his staff, escorted the restored flags to Independence Square where their formal reception by the Governor took place with most impressive ceremonies.

Anticipation of the One Hundredth Fourth was early manifested. It was decided to signalize the year 1876 by holding a Centennial Exhibition of the world's progress in Philadelphia and already on the Fourth of July 1874 ground was broken as the beginning of the vast series of its building operations. On the same day the corner-stone of the new Public Buildings on Penn Square was set and a year later, 1875, another enthusiastic Fourth of July celebration was held in the Fairmount Park grounds, where fully 200,000

people congregated to witness the unveiling of the Statue of Columbus and to watch in the evening the balloons and fire-works. Finally on the Fourth of July, 1876, the Day of Days, celebrated noisily throughout the length and breadth of the land, the enthusiasm of the people of the Birth-place of the Declaration was unbounded.

Already on the 1st of July a congress of authors had met in Independence Hall where the centennial anniversary of Richard Henry Lee's resolution of Independence had been celebrated in the square by music, anthems and addresses. On Monday, the 3rd, there had been a parade of the G. A. R. and at night a torch-light procession of representatives of trades and industries, social and political clubs, and foreign visitors. It was estimated that 300,000 people lined Chestnut and Broad streets, and when the State House Bell struck twelve and the new century of Independence had begun, the whole town seemed to have broken out in one mighty shout. The Centennial festivities continued the next day, chiefly in Independence Square, under a broiling sun. There Thomas W. Ferry, President of the United States Senate, in the place of President Grant who could not be present, presided over a throng which over-crowded the space. The oration was delivered by William M. Evarts of New York. The Centennial Hymn had been composed by Oliver Wendell Holmes. An original poem was read by Bayard Taylor. Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil was a distinguished guest. An imposing military parade made up of volunteers from all parts of the Union moved through the streets. The Humboldt monument and the Catholic fountain were dedicated, and after a display of fire-works in Fairmont Park, "the people were thoroughly exhausted with their three days of almost unparaelled rejoicing."

With these successive celebrations in review, what of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Fourth? How will the 1926 Independence Day anniversary be suitably commemorated? The answer is given by the plans now under way for a celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial anniversary of

the signing of the Declaration of Independence by holding in Philadelphia "an exhibition of the progress of the United States in art, science, and industry, in trade and commerce, and in the development of the products of the air, the soil, the mine, the forest and the seas; to which exhibition the people of all other nations shall be invited to contribute evidences of their own progress to the end that better international understanding and more intimate commercial relationships may hasten the coming of universal peace." The site for this exhibition has been fixed, significantly in Fairmount Park embracing the same grounds upon which the Centennial Exhibition was located. Though the details are still to be worked out, the general purpose is to illustrate particularly the achievements for the betterment of mankind during the years that have elapsed since 1776 and by this example to stimulate further activity and make manifest the manifold blessings of peace. That there is so much to be shown that the exhibition will have to be selective is self-evident. That the celebration will breathe the spirit of the occasion and kindle anew the fire of patriotism bringing fuller appreciation of the debt due to the founders may also be confidently predicted. The Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1926 will interpret the meaning of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Fourth to the contemporaneous generation.

AROUND THE BEND

By EDITH BOYDEN HOLWAY

'Tis true, at times we cannot comprehend
Just why, the peak we're struggling to attain,
Seems always distant and our efforts vain.
Our tired feet slip oft, as we ascend.
And yet, perchance, 'tis just around the bend,
The goal which we are striving hard to gain.
Then let us waver not, our course is plain,
'Tis ever forward, and—the promised end.

AS FRANCE SEES AMERICA

By MAURICE DE WENDEL

THE United States, today a country of one hundred and ten million people, was for five hundred years a colony practically deserted. Its unceasing development has become more and more rapid, and has acquired in the last fifty years fabulous proportions.

For a long time, the United States has continued to progress, amply reaping the fruit of its endeavors. A long period of peace and prosperity has hastened and consecrated its development—finally the war has concentrated in its hands a large part of the wealth of the world. These privileged conditions have justified a daring spirit in commerce favored by admirable natural resources and immense outlets. The constant enrichment of its inhabitants displays itself in a constant changing in the aspects of life. The general wealth of the country strikes one on disembarking—it is a country which enjoys a general comfort and a facility of life of which the French have scarcely an idea.

All work entails enormous expense, and is at the same time tremendous in its dimensions and complete, and generally carefully carried out in detail.

One building represents millions of dollars; the factories are immense and largely equipped on a most expensive scale; municipalities spend large sums on parks, gardens, and public buildings; the large cities extend indefinitely with millions of houses, the luxury and comfort of which indicate the wealth of their inhabitants.

It is apparent that no idea of economy enters into their construction. One finds in the shops everything in abundance—the most luxurious articles for which one pays amazing prices; the public is generally well dressed, and it is scarcely possible to establish social distinctions by the cloth-

ing worn. A certain standardized comfort displays itself in the hotels and residences which corresponds to an active life of widely varied occupations. Everyone seems to have money and to spend it lavishly. Prosperity is not only apparent—it is real. America cultivates immense tracts of land and its agricultural products are infinitely varied. Industry there benefits not only from mineral strata of all kinds, but also from natural gas, petroleum and from the largest oil production of the world. One is able to freely squander basic substances of all sorts. National industry is largely provided for at home. Finally, the war has accumulated in the United States the gold of the world and immense perspectives open up for the future development of the country.

Exceptionally favorable circumstances in time and in space are partly responsible for this state of things. But so, also, are the American men of sufficient stamina to put them to account. The spirit of initiative should be placed among the foremost of the qualities which the Americans have evidenced and which have encouraged their development. Legislative shackles do not constitute a network which separate thought from execution; that sort of jealousy which constitutes hatred of success is not precisely part of the mentality of the New World; on the contrary, a man who has succeeded is generally admired and commands a certain consideration. Audacious enterprises prosper; chances being greater in a new country, success brings success. Pressed to succeed, the American realizes his responsibility much sooner than we do. An experience, from time to time dearly bought, replaces studies frequently uselessly prolonged, the gropings and hesitations to which circumstances nearly submit us.

Boldness of execution is not the only thing that renders realization more attainable—conditions of credit are also very different in America. Risky operations of certain establishments cause at times severe setbacks, but on the whole the custom of extended credit has rendered great

service and a long period of unceasing development justifies a confidence that otherwise might be considered imprudent.

An immense field offers itself to those interested in agriculture; greed has not tried to ruin it; the pioneers of the development of the United States have on the contrary received almost as a gift unsuspected privileges; but the result has far surpassed all hope.

Let us take for example the immense territorial concessions accorded to the first railway companies; are not these an indication of what might be done in French colonies without overburdening the budget of heavy charges on public finance? One should not think, however, that there are no obstacles to success in the United States nor that it is not exposed to the same disadvantages as other countries. The new world is today experiencing heavy fiscal taxes, and politics play an important role; excessive taxes on large incomes, exaggerated protective tariffs, and immigration restriction are the symptoms—and they are not all.

The future will show the reaction of these measures on the princely foundations with which the United States has endowed universities, hospitals, institutions of all kinds; on its commerce and exportation, and finally on its very development which has depended up to the present on the increase of population by a continual influx of immigrants. Formed of the most heterogeneous elements the population of the United States however astonishes the stranger by the homogeneousness of life into which it has been softened. It seems that as soon as he disembarks at New York, the immigrant adopts uniform conceptions, considers himself the equal of his neighbor, and seeks his same social level. There are degrees of luxury, but classes are not marked by as profound differences in mentality and education as in Europe—one scarcely understands life without a house to one's self, a telephone, one or two clubs, outdoor sports, and an automobile, and if all these are not already acquired, each hopes to obtain them.

The clothes of the workingman and artisan differ slightly from those of the bank employe and every young girl

possesses an evening frock of a mode more or less Parisienne; dances, moving pictures, theatres are the indispensable complements to days wherein breakfast, lunch or dinner offer menus which are practically similar to all classes.

To this ensemble of life, slightly material, but comfortable all may lay claim and when work and luck have made the employe of yesterday, the head of the firm, and have placed him in a larger and more luxurious frame, his habits do not become profoundly modified. The ambition of the less favored classes to adopt the customs of their richer neighbors proves a desire to mount the rungs of the social ladder, and in that the spirit is really democratic because it tends to elevate the middle classes by the education of the masses. In all classes attempts are made to raise the physical and moral standard, and as all is accomplished through financial efforts, large sums are consecrated to this work.

The mentality of the ruling classes will be without doubt profoundly changed by the spread of university life, and doubtless we shall one day see an America where the "self-made-man" will hold but a modest place. The men who have made the industrial and financial power of the United States have been to a large extent "self-made-men," very different from the corresponding type in France; with a few exceptions, the latter, though, without a fortune, going through college and taking degrees, possess the general ideas common to all the French of a certain intellectual level. The "self-made-man" on the contrary, whatever his specialty generally starts life with but a rudimentary education, an intelligence generally remarkable but sometimes limited, great will power, and circumstances which he knows how to take advantage of carry him to the highest positions; but the deficiencies in his early education remain, and an eminent man in his sphere may be very ignorant of elementary subjects.

Today, most of the young Americans in easy circumstances, and nearly all the rich, go through universities. They come out with a mentality assuredly different from

their fathers' and at an age when the latter had practically made their fortunes. What will be the result of this change?

We cannot ignore this movement in America toward the universities; French professors are able to exercise a real influence in them, and there are already some examples. It is a method of fostering the current of friendship and sympathy which exists in our favor, the profound sources of which must be allowed to disappear.

When the United States entered the war it was well known that the sympathy which the American people feel for us was a preponderating factor in their action. Visitors who return from the United States are convinced of this and realize what we owe to Lafayette and the government of Louis XVI. The part which Lafayette played in the creation of the young republic is known by every school child and this great Frenchman, to whose generous disinterestedness after 150 years we owe such precious Allies, merits a more prominent place in popular historical instruction. The heroic attitude of France during the war reawakened in all their strength these latent sympathies, proof of which we had before 1917. The collaboration of the two armies, and final success, sealed this friendship in blood and glory. The ovations made in America in honor of Marshal Foch, blended in a double deification, the great chief of the Allied armies and of France.

How does all this accord with the continual misunderstandings, echoed daily by the press, which appear nearly to constitute a break with our American friends? It all hangs, on both sides, on a profound ignorance of the interests in sight, and we have not known how to make the American public understand the essential conditions of our security. However, a small group of Americans familiar with French culture, and belonging to the upper middle class, is more sensitive than we ourselves to our sorrows and our joys; they are ready to defend our points of view, but they do not always understand them thoroughly enough. However, in no other country in the world could we awaken such a

current of sympathy as exists for us in the United States, but we can only benefit feebly by it, for lack of knowing the American mentality and illuminating it as to our needs.

Until more of the French, belonging to the elite of our upper intellectual and social circles, can act in America, it is necessary to concentrate all our efforts on the Americans travelling in France in order to spare them any disillusion and avoid painful misunderstandings. It is necessary that the French apply themselves to knowing them better, and to make them feel that they have our sincere affection. The deceptions which we suffered because of the politics of President Wilson have rendered France a little skeptical of the efficacy of prodigal demonstration of friendship. It is necessary that the Americans understand that if the Franco-American friendship has not been deeply injured by a policy just as disastrous for them, it is because the French people have known how to create a distinction between President Wilson and America, of which he was however, the most duly authorized representative.

In order to become informed it is necessary to know and to understand. But that is the delicate point. Very few of the French understand the United States, even superficially, and it is very evident that a country as large, fosters a quality of divergent interests. The study of points of understanding between the United States and a country across the sea is singularly complex, since on many of these the Americans disagree. From this it is clearly evident that we should dispatch a small number of agents of the first order to tell us at just what points we may depend on American opinion and to tell the Americans themselves, in all frankness, the reasons which prevent us from sharing their points of view. They prefer certainly an opposite opinion to incomplete explanations, and their admiration for France is so great that frequently they rally to her point of view before the brutality of facts. Our cause should be better presented and by persons trusted by the Americans, and it is therefore necessary to find people who will consent

to live a long time in the United States; we also need representatives who are impregnated with the problems and mentality of their country. The system which consists of maintaining abroad consuls and other functionaries for years without letting them re-establish contact with the mother country, diminishes infinitely their ability to serve our interests. Besides, diplomatic corps, missions, whatever their activity, are not sufficient to penetrate a country. In the situation that we are in, we can scarcely glimpse the possibility of making that French spirit which is our unique medium of influence shine with brilliancy in America—the sending of savants and professors destined to maintain the impression of our superiority in the domains of the intellect and of science. France cannot but rejoice at the intellectual developments in the United States. She can contribute enormously to this development. Already several French professors have chairs in American Universities, and without doubt we should encourage this means of propaganda. Our methods permit it without fear of impoverishing our own Universities, and we should not neglect our invaluable occasion to come in contact with the younger generation.

France has great prestige in America. All our efforts should converge to maintain there a sufficient number of men in the public view, capable of denying mistaken views close to the sources from which they spring and to make France better known to a country which receives with predilection all that comes from France.

We should in France apply ourselves to destroying the legends which tend to divide the Americans and the French, and which shake our keenest sympathy for the stranger. We should support our friends from America by showing sincere gratitude to those among them who fought for France, at times with the passion of apostles.

This is the best method of counteracting the fatal influences which are working at present to throw dissension between two countries, the common history of which enshrines imperishable memories.

INTERNATIONAL DECENCY

By THEODORE MARBURG

OUR experience since the close of the Great War should convince Americans that mistaken foreign policies may affect the life of the people as disastrously as wrong domestic policies.

When the Balkan cloud began to gather again in the summer of 1914, few men thought of world-war, because few dreamed that Germany would be so mad as to make an assault on the general peace. In like manner, when the Versailles Treaty was brought home by Woodrow Wilson, few men thought that the United States Senate would be so mad as to let partisanship run riot and bring upon the world the vast consequences which must follow rejection of the Treaty. In each case the event was unlooked for because it represented the triumph of unreason.

In March, 1919, William Howard Taft termed the Paris Covenant "the greatest step in recorded history in the betterment of international relations for the benefit of the people of the world and for the benefit of my country."

The instrument so characterized by Mr. Taft was what the Senate rejected. Was that a performance to be proud of? Will it not, on the contrary, come to be looked upon as a tragic blunder, the greatest failure of duty of which our country has ever been guilty?

America, pre-eminently through its President, had blazed the way of the Covenant, interpreting and formulating the general longing for some institution to discourage war. From initial conception, down through days of planning to the actual completion of the instrument, the American mind and heart were interwoven in it. But for the insistence of our President it would have been left out

of the final Treaty of Peace. We imposed the Covenant on the negotiators. Our boys had been invited to lay down their young lives in the hope of it. The slogan "a war to end war" had fired their hearts and helped them to meet with smiling lips the hardships and the pain and—in the case of so many—the grim spectre.

It is interesting to note that the program of the original American group which evolved the plan for the League of Nations embraced four principal elements, namely, judicial settlement of justiciable disputes, arbitration of non-justiciable disputes, the use of force against a member which should go to war without previous resort to judicial or arbitral tribunals, and development of international law, for all of which the Covenant of the League of Nations now provides. But there was another feature of the American program which so far has not been realized: the demand that the United States should be a member of this world-organization. That hope the Senate denied us and in so doing prolonged and accentuated, open-eyed, the awful suffering of the war-stricken world. For the result of our standing aside was foreseen and foretold. It was perfectly plain that by reason of the prestige of our name, so immeasurably increased by our splendid purpose and performance in the war, no world-organization, no matter on what lines laid down, could function satisfactorily without us. It was perfectly plain, too, that our desertion of the Allies by refusal to ratify the Treaty and to co-operate whole-heartedly in enforcing the peace so dearly won would give rise to hope in the breast of the former enemy that divided counsels would ensue and that he might yet escape the penalty of his bloody course. The whole conception of the Covenant and the Peace is based upon the principle of solidarity of interest, calling for the united action of all in the interest of each. If the mightiest of the Powers refuses to share in the labors and responsibilities, it goes without saying that such a conception cannot be fully realized.

Our refusal to join the League which we had invited the nations to form, to support the Peace we had helped to make, brought swift consequences. It immediately encouraged recalcitrant States to flout the general will; not only Germany, but Hungary, Turkey, Poland, Lithuania and, in a measure, Russia. Instead of the security which the victory should have brought forthwith, we still see about us insecurity and stagnation. For men have little heart for commercial venture when political conditions are insecure. To bring back to Europe a sense of political security is far more important than to suggest economic remedies or to distribute alms. The fact is that while the American people have been making a most generous effort, under the direction of Mr. Hoover, to feed the needy of Europe, we are more than nullifying that effort by our political attitude which is retarding the general rehabilitation of Europe.

In the summer of 1920 it became evident that certain leaders of the Republican Party, looking upon the Covenant as Mr. Wilson's child, desired not only to prevent the United States joining the League of Nations, but sought to belittle it and, if possible, actually to kill it. Unfortunately, the policy of the new Administration appears to have been influenced by these men. For months we left unanswered the communications of fifty-one sister nations because they were acting together through their central organization, the League of Nations. For similar reasons, it is presumed, we failed to act upon their urgent request that we ratify the convention we had entered into at St. Germain restricting the traffic in arms and munitions with backward peoples. For an intolerably long time we allowed to slumber their demand that we join them in suspending claims against Austria in order that Austria might be helped to her feet by lending her new capital. Are these episodes of which we will be proud hereafter?

Our country has thus far entirely ignored the new Court of International Justice created by the League, although this has been a cherished American project for many years.

It will be remembered that when the Permanent Court of Arbitration was set up, President Roosevelt dug out from the files of the State Department the forgotten Pius Funds Case and laid it before that tribunal as its first cause simply in order to get the tribunal started. What is there, except prejudice, to prevent the present Administration from displaying the same spirit of international decency and finding an American case for submission to the new Court of International Justice to help start that great tribunal on what is certain to be a beneficent career?

Who is responsible for the Administration's attitude toward the League?

More than once Mr. Harding has pronounced publicly in favor of an association of nations to discourage war. He is also credited with having said privately that he wants to see the existing association, the League of Nations, live. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, we know, are firm believers in the principle. Where then is the difficulty? I do not pretend to answer the question. It is more and more evident that this League of Nations—not some league of nations—is the hope of the world. Defeat it and its downfall will be looked upon as a failure of principle—something to be shunned for years to come and to be revived only after we have had another and a more awful world-war. Granted, the Administration think they have a mandate to keep out of the League. Surely they do not go so far as to interpret the Presidential vote as a command to kill the League?

President Wilson was right in insisting on the Covenant being part of the Treaty of Versailles. If this compact to discourage war had not been made while the nerves of the world were exposed, it would not have come for years. He was right to sign the tri-partite treaty guaranteeing the safety of France. For without some positive guarantee France is unwilling to disarm. We would not have been drawn into war by that treaty because it is inconceivable that Germany would attack France in the face of such a

guarantee, and French militarism is a bugbear. She has suffered too cruelly by war to want more of it.

That which all the fear-mongers of the Senate overlook is the dynamic element in these great questions; the new forces that are brought into play by big new movements, forces that are imponderable and require imagination to visualize. And that is the fundamental strength of a League of Nations—not the punishment it will actually be called upon to mete out, but the certain knowledge beforehand that punishment awaits conscienceless ambition and blood-lust. A league of all the great nations would not be called upon, except in minor affairs against backward and senseless peoples, to translate its potential strength into force.

To what extent have we repaired by the Armament Conference the damage done by our rejection of the Versailles Treaty?

The gains of the Conference are real. The setting up of a naval holiday for even limited types of ships is, in fact, the advent of a new era. To stop, for the first time in history, competitive building in any direction; to save the added waste; to remove the added suspicion and the resultant danger of it—these are great forward steps.

The Four Power Treaty relating to the Pacific islands is likewise going further than the United States has ever before gone in an international agreement. Heretofore, the Bryan Treaties have been the high-water mark in that direction. They provide for an inquiry and forbid the use of force during such inquiry to the limit of one year. But they are made in pairs and the United States is obligated to such inquiry only when it is party to the dispute. The Four Power Treaty goes further. It obligates the United States to participate in the inquiry even though we may have no dispute with any one of the signatories. The feature of the Treaty which abrogates the Anglo-Japanese pact is extremely helpful, not because of any intrinsic

danger residing in the pact, but by reason of the suspicion to which it gave rise here.

Again, bringing about an understanding between Japan and China, which enabled the former to carry out her promise to Mr. Wilson to return Shantung, helped immensely to clear the situation in the Orient, as did the consideration and adjustment of Chinese questions generally.

But let us ask ourselves frankly what would have happened in respect of all these things had the United States joined the League of Nations in 1919. In that event, could not that which has been done at Washington have been accomplished, also under American leadership, two years earlier? Could we not have had a naval holiday, not limited, as now, to capital ships and air-plane carriers, but applied to all types of vessels and thus preventing that which may now happen, namely, new rivalry in the field of submarines, light cruisers and auxiliary ships in general? Could we not have added to that boon the blessing, especially for France, of reduction of land forces? Would not the very constitution of the League have given us the plan of inquiry which the Four Power Treaty sets up? And for those who want to label measures "made in America," would not the leadership of the United States in all these matters have been heartily welcomed under the League?

As we know, reduction of armaments is one of the main ends of the League prescribed by the Covenant. They have told us that it is only our absence from their councils which has prevented action.

Could not the United States, within the circle of the League and through the League and resting upon the promise of Japan, have asked for a settlement of the Shantung question and brought China and Japan together with results just as happy as those which we are now witnessing?

Or, take the treaty which declares violation of the rules

of international law by submarines to be piracy. Under it any Power under whose jurisdiction the offender is found may try and punish him. Who will do it? Let us suppose the frightful drama of the late war to be re-enacted. A German submarine sinks an English merchantman illegally, drowning passengers and crew. Who will apply the penalty? If the English catch the offender and execute him, the cry is for reprisal and immediately innocent Englishmen are executed in German prison-yards. Should, by rare chance, the offender fall into the hands of neutrals, will their Government, unless it be ready to go to war with Germany, try him and execute him? The German will know all this beforehand. What chance is there, then, that the new rule will stay his hand?

The same is true of the use of poisonous gases. The charge, true or false, that the enemy is using them immediately lets them loose.

Manifestly, that which is lacking under the Treaty is some continuing central body charged with the duty and clothed with the power to punish violation of law.

Now, picture our country, as a member of the League of Nations, having sent Mr. Root as one of its representatives to a League conference on this subject. Is it not certain that his lead would have been followed there by the British Empire, France, Italy and Japan just as these countries followed him at Washington, that their prestige plus our own would have carried the measure and that our country would have had full credit for it?

But with this difference! That the measure at once acquires a meaning. The would-be outlaw then knows that lawlessness will bring down upon him the wrath of all, that the united power of all will be used to punish him and that the application of the penalty will not spell war for his judge and executioner. Here, then, is a real sanction, without which, experience tells us, law is ineffective.

Unless the substance of the Treaty relating to the employment of submarines and poisonous gases in war is taken up

and adopted by the League, we are likely to find the Treaty little more than a pious wish, to be soon forgotten and certain to be ignored should another war come—as it will come unless we help organize to prevent it.

After the armistice, that is to say, after the German fleet was at the bottom of the sea, we continued the reckless waste on navy and mercantile marine. The navy was not needed and the mercantile marine, into which we had been and are still pouring millions, clearly cannot be made self-supporting at this time. With the opening up of the rich lands of the West our people found it less profitable to follow the sea. It is not until our land is overcrowded and our men are pushed to sea that, for us, seafaring can again compete successfully with other occupations. The objections to the Government policy under which the present attempt to force this event is being made are perhaps best set forth by me in a letter which I had the honor to address to President Wilson in the autumn of 1920. The letter follows:

"Baltimore, Maryland, October 22, 1920.

"Dear Mr. President:

"I deeply appreciate the honor conferred on me by my appointment to the Shipping Board and realize that I must give reasons for declining, as I feel impelled to do, this opportunity for service.

"They are found in the underlying principle of the Merchant Marine Act of June 5, 1920, known as the Jones Act, under which the Board must function. The provision of that Act, which aims to admit foreign goods into the United States at a lower customs duty when imported in American bottoms, I feel to be wrong in principle and fraught with great possibilities of mischief. It is a game at which two can play. How long would it be, after this practice began, before European countries would be compelled in self-defense to set up a similar practice in favor of their own ships? And when this happened our ships would be going to them empty or with only part cargoes and theirs coming to us in similar plight. This can mean but one thing, namely, that the service will be performed at greater cost, involving serious economic loss all around. Meantime, this clash of interests, based on governmental action, would be sure to breed bad feeling between ourselves and other nations.

"On the other hand, unless artificial support of some kind be substituted for this dangerous feature of the Mercant Marine Act, how can American shipping flourish in the face of the cheaper sea service which lower wages and lower construction-cost permit other countries to supply?

"The alternative would naturally be subsidies, and these, I feel, should be extended only in order to establish and maintain direct service between American and foreign ports where adequate service is at present lacking and not to supplant such service even though it be performed by foreign vessels.

"Your attitude throughout the administration of your high office convinces me that you, sir, sympathize with the legend "America first," but that you would want it interpreted as America first in service, not in selfishness.

"If the American Merchant Marine can, by means of government favor, be so encouraged as to add to the volume or efficiency of existing shipping, the end is justifiable. But the attempt to add to our present enormous wealth by dominating the world's shipping by government favor—supplanting, for example, the hardy merchant marine of the Scandinavian countries, of Holland or England—would benefit us little, because the American public would pay for it in one form or another and because the countries mentioned would have just so much less hard-earned means with which to purchase needed food supplies, raw material and manufactured products which they now draw from us so liberally.

"Being, therefore, out of sympathy with the very purpose of the Jones Act, I feel that my presence on the Board would not be helpful. . . ."

All told, we have probably spent three thousand million dollars on the excess navy and on the mercantile marine since the Armistice. The bulk of this expenditure has been worse than useless. The claim that the agreement for a naval holiday would not have come about but for our increased naval strength will not bear examination. England was ready for it even in the days of the German menace. And the fact of her consenting to keep her naval strength down to the level of ours discloses her confidence in us. An agreement to maintain equal fleets would seem to imply accepting equal risks, be those risks great or small. Not so. We produce an immense surplus of food-supplies. England carries only a seven weeks' food-supply. Successful blockade of her ports would, therefore, soon spell

starvation, defeat and possible loss of liberty. For us no such consequences would follow.

As for Japan, it would have been impossible for her to reject the proposal for a naval holiday without losing the friendship of England and laying herself open to the charge of aggressive designs.

The agreement arrived at would not have taken the form of a fixed ratio for naval strength; but an understanding merely to cease building for a fixed period of years would have been quite as effective and have saved much heart-burning.

America does not need a big navy nor army, the views of the professional sailor and soldier to the contrary notwithstanding. Her strategical position, and especially the revelations of the late war as to her prowess and ability to mobilize her mighty strength rapidly, make them unnecessary. The fact is that our naval program since the Armistice set the pace for navy building elsewhere; while the people's money spent on the mercantile marine has simply served to make shipping unprofitable elsewhere. Had these millions been loaned to Europe, not directly by our Government, but through the instrumentality of banks, and earmarked for the purchase here of the raw materials so badly needed abroad, how much further on the road to recovery the world would be today!

To apply the Jones Act fully, it would have been necessary to rescind the feature of thirty-odd treaties which prevented the granting of a lower tariff rate on foreign goods imported in American bottoms. President Wilson believed that such a step would mean the abrogation of the treaties and spell chaos for our commerce. Both he and President Harding declined to take this step.

For the present all intention of applying that feature of the Jones Act which affects imports seems to be abandoned. But recent developments reveal an equally mischievous device on foot, namely, favoring American bottoms by confining to commodities to be carried in them alone the special railroad rates now granted impartially on commod-

ities intended for export. Authority for it is found in the same Merchant Marine Act of 1920, Section 28. If this be done, we will certainly witness discrimination on foreign railways in favor of goods carried in their own ships. Meantime, what becomes of the principle of equal treatment on railways which we have just insisted China shall mete out to us and others?

We have seen that our State and Federal lawmakers succeeded, on more than one occasion, in ruining many of our railroads and in making most of them unprofitable. They would have brought like disaster to the railroads of the world had their power extended so far.

In the case of shipping, which is between nations, their power does extend beyond our own borders. And for several years Congress has now been engaged in telling other nations that, so far as we can prevent it, they shall neither send their products to us in their own ships nor bring home in their own ships their supply of foodstuffs and other products purchased here.

A greater sense of international decency on the part of our lawmakers, a little more ability to put themselves in the other fellow's shoes, would spare us many mistakes of this kind. For States, as for individuals, enlightened self-interest often resides in the large-natured and generous-minded act, while selfishness defeats itself. And if there be intellectual honesty, which is honesty to ourselves, refusal to allow prejudice or self-seeking to shape our opinions, it is not difficult for the average man to think true when dealing with international questions.

PROGRESS

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Is it a wave we catch at,
To find that it ebbs only to leave
A little foam in the hand,
A little faith, a little dream,
Luring us on to tomorrow?
Or is it a tide that must be taken
To voyage the Universe?

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THE PROBLEM OF THE MAILS

By ALBERT B. ROSSDALE

THE tremendous increase in population of our larger cities presents a difficult problem for the Post Office Department. How to move the ever-increasing volume of mail within the larger cities safely, quickly and at minimum cost is occupying much attention of Uncle Sam's postal officials, for upon the uninterrupted and efficient transmission of mails between the central or main post office and the various branch stations depends the successful operation of the entire postal system.

The railroad and steamship lines carry the mails to and from the large cities and, no matter how great the volume of mail, these carriers operate swiftly and safely. Every large city is a sort of postal clearing house for outside territory; hence, it is just as important to have swift and safe transmission within the cities as beyond. To delay a letter five minutes, if it misses a mail closing or dispatch, may result in a whole day's delay for that particular letter to reach the place to which it is destined. If to Europe, South America or elsewhere, it may result in a week's delay or more.

The problem is most difficult in the densely populated and congested sections where heavy street traffic is an effectual bar to any form or type of mail conveyance. Hauling the mails through the streets was a simple matter in the old horse-and-wagon days; the motor vehicle relegated the horse and wagon to the suburbs and now the motor-vehicle is obsolete for mail transmission. In congested localities there is only one solution and that is sub-surface transportation by pneumatic tubes.

The pneumatic tube system has demonstrated its superiority over motor-vehicle transport by actual operation for a period of years in New York and Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Boston. It is a wonderfully efficient system and has rendered very satisfactory service during its entire period of operation. Its service was discontinued in June, 1918, due to the opposition of the then Postmaster General Burleson, who persuaded President Wilson to veto the appropriation bill which was passed by Congress.

The cessation of the pneumatic tube service in the five cities where it was installed was a blow to those cities and resented by their people, but the opposition of Mr. Burleson continued and only recently Congress enacted legislation restoring the service in New York and Brooklyn, but in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and St. Louis and all the other large cities expensive and uncertain motor-vehicle transport is still in operation.

Post Office officials of high and low degree are a unit in advocating the tube system and it is a mystery why the Government continues to send first-class letters and packages with valuable contents, sometimes amounting to millions of dollars, through the streets, through those overcrowded sections of the cities, subjecting the mail to all the hazards of theft and delays when it can be safely shot through the tubes at great speed and without any delays or losses.

It is a question of surface transport by motor-vehicle or sub-surface by pneumatic tube. The relative values of the two systems may be had by a comparison of their operation in New York and Brooklyn. When the service was discontinued in 1918, the Postmaster General, who urged the withdrawing of the appropriation, said that it would merely require a 15 per cent. increase in automobiles. The actual increase was 51 per cent. within six months.

The report of the inspectors, dated April 6, 1919, states:

Under date of January 18, 1919, the Postmaster General advised that the Postmaster had submitted revised schedules that showed an increase of

51 per cent in the motor-vehicle service over the schedules in effect May 13, 1918, and necessitating the employment of 121 additional chauffeurs.

Under date of January 24, 1919, we addressed a communication to the Postmaster, requesting him to please inform us why it was necessary to increase the service 51 per cent over the schedule in effect last May and to employ 121 additional chauffeurs.

He replied, stating in part:

This increased service was due to the discontinuance of the pneumatic tubes, which necessitated 1,971 trips being scheduled on December 16, 1918, instead of 1,299 trips on May 13, 1918, and that the increased wagon service naturally resulted in a corresponding increase in the number of chauffeurs required.

From the above it will be seen that instead of increasing the motor-vehicle service only 15 per cent., as stated, it was actually necessary to increase it 51 per cent. within six months after the abolition of the tube service in New York City. Twenty-five per cent increase in the service was made July 1, 1918, when the tubes were discontinued, and 26 per cent additional at various dates up to December 16, 1918.

This is the report of the inspectors the department had sent to New York. Since then it has continually increased, and it will keep on increasing.

The difference in the delay caused by motor vehicles and tube service is interesting. Motor Vehicle service was delayed in New York City for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, a total of 73,524 trips.

At 4,500 letters per trip, this is the equivalent of 330,858,000 letters delayed by the motor vehicle service in one year. The pneumatic tubes delayed 84,500 letters in one year. For each letter delayed by the tubes 3,915 letters are delayed by the motor-vehicle service.

On February 21, 1921, due to a severe snowstorm:

Motor-vehicle trips failed.....	539
Motor-vehicle trips delayed.....	564

Total failed and delayed.....	1,103
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At 4,500 letters per trip, this is equivalent to 4,963,500 letters delayed by motor-vehicle service in one day, or fifty

times as much mail as the tubes delayed in 365 days. The record of delayed letters by tube is 1 in every 45,000,000 letters.

The tubes are not affected by conditions that cripple the motor-vehicle service.

The above figures are official and tell of motor-vehicle inefficiency. Now let us see what is the record of the pneumatic tubes.

From all the data available on the subject, we conclude that a capacity of 8 pounds or 400 letters to the container, an interval of dispatch of 10 seconds, and a speed in the tube of from 25 to 30 miles an hour can reasonably be taken as representing normal conditions in actual practice. This is equivalent to 2,400 letters per minute or 144,000 letters per hour that can be dispatched from any one station.

In the last year of operation the tubes in New York City and Brooklyn handled approximately 5,000,000 letters a day; they were not, however, used to their maximum capacity.

On Tuesday, December 3, 1912, 27,243 containers of original mail (not relays) were dispatched through the tubes in New York City in 20 hours, with a total capacity of 10,897,200 letters.

On Tuesday, December 9, 1913, 27,166 containers of original mail, with a total capacity of 10,846,400 letters, were dispatched.

On Wednesday, August 1, 1917, 29,066 containers of original mail, with a total capacity of 11,626,400 letters, were dispatched.

It is therefore evident that the tubes were capable of handling 10,000,000 letters a day if called upon to do so.

First-class letter mail should have preference over all other classes of mail. Note the difference in the following examples from one of the most important stations in my city:

In the case of a railway mail dispatch from the City Hall Station to the Grand Central Terminal Station, New York

City, the schedule time by motor vehicle is 45 minutes and the schedule time by tube when in operation was 10 minutes.

Therefore, 400 letters (or the first container) would reach the Grand Central Terminal 10 minutes after the dispatch by tube began.

The capacity of the tube being 2,400 letters per minute, the mail would arrive at the Grand Central Terminal as follows:

400 letters 10 minutes after dispatch begins.

2,800 letters 11 minutes after dispatch begins.

5,200 letters 12 minutes after dispatch begins.

7,600 letters 13 minutes after dispatch begins.

10,000 letters 14 minutes after dispatch begins.

12,400 letters 15 minutes after dispatch begins.

24,400 letters 20 minutes after dispatch begins.

This is equivalent to 24 pouches of mail with an average of 1,000 letters to the pouch that would have arrived at the Grand Central Terminal and be partially separated and pouched before the motor-vehicle was half way between City Hall and Grand Central Stations.

At the end of 30 minutes 48,400 letters, or 48 pouches of mail, would have reached the Grand Central Terminal, and the motor vehicle would still be 15 minutes away, and by the time the motor vehicle arrived 84,400 letters, or 84 pouches of mail, would have been delivered by tube. Post-office officials estimate that it required 30 minutes to pouch the mail for train dispatch after receipt of same by tube. On this basis approximately 33 per cent. of the dispatch would have been pouched and ready for train dispatch before the employees at the Grand Central Terminal could have started to handle the mail delivered by motor-vehicle.

There can be no doubt that motor-vehicle operation is the cause of the continuous thefts and robberies that have occurred since the tube service was discontinued. The Post Office Department does not admit that they cannot protect the mail in the city of New York and in other large cities, and, indeed, they cannot. According to the figures of the

Post Office Department, 8,000 pieces of mail matter are being lost or stolen in New York City every day. In 1918 we appropriated for indemnities for loss of registered mail \$1,330,000. After the tubes were abandoned and we had to run the mail by motor-vehicle on the streets of the city, we find that the Post Office Department had to come to Congress in 1919 for an appropriation of \$2,186,493.45 for indemnities.

In 1920 the increased appropriation for mail robberies jumped to \$4,350,000; in 1921 we appropriated \$4,200,000; in 1922, \$4,500,000, and the department has requested an additional deficiency appropriation for another million for this year. In other words, when the tubes were abandoned the registered mail indemnities jumped from \$1,300,000 to \$5,500,000 per annum in a period of four years. And that does not represent the entire loss, but merely the amount Uncle Sam was liable for by reason of the insurance feature. The great banks and trust companies that send large sums of money through the mail insure through private companies, and the actual loss no one can tell exactly—it may be between fifteen and twenty million dollars. I do not know the exact amount of these losses; the Post Office Department does not know either; at least, they profess not to know, as matter of policy. The record proves that these losses are mounting higher and higher.

It is not the fault of the postal authorities that these thefts occur. They cannot adequately protect first-class mail from either open or concealed depredations as long as motor-vehicle transportation is legislated for them.

A Post Office inspector in a report to the department dated January 27, 1921, concerning the heavy losses of registered mail in July and August, 1920, concludes with the following statement:

In submitting this data I would again call your attention to the fact that it is our belief that mail is being taken day in and day out from both open and closed trucks, and that the front and back doors of closed trucks are being used for this purpose.

The idea of running wagons and trucks through the streets of the city laden with precious and valuable mail matter is an invitation to every thief, to every yegg and crook to come and help themselves, and judging from the record, they have made some wonderful hauls. Previous to 1918, when we had the tube operation, the tubes only lost one piece of registered mail matter in six years, and it did not involve a financial loss.

The pneumatic tube systems installed in the five cities mentioned are of a size adequate only for carrying letter or valuable small package mail. Because of the speed, safety and low cost of operation, it provides an adequate means of transport. This system, of necessity, will eventually be installed in all large cities and in all probability will be of a larger size to permit carrying all classes of mail. It will give relief to the cities from the difficulties and dangers of postal vehicles rushing about their congested streets. This change, contemplated for years, is on the way and slowly but surely the postal motor-vehicle is doomed.

LOVE

By ELINOR C. WOOLSON

Hatred leads one
Down blind alleys;
Down black passag ways
Filled with mire
And filth unspeakable;
But love—
Love leads one
Into the open
Where there is sunlight,
And warmth
And fresh winds
Sweet with Summer's fragrance.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THE Democratic Congressional leaders have decided to offer as a part of their fall program (1922 styles) a plan to end the seniority rule in Congress, a rule that these able gentlemen very truly say is responsible for the chaotic conditions not only in the Republican party but in the country. It is a reform that will attract thoughtful voters for while there is much ability in the Republican party in Congress today, men of talent and worth have found their efforts blocked through the system that puts at the head of committees those whose sole claim is the length of time they have been on the job—or near it. No more foolish rule exists in legislative bodies. The oldest man in the Senate, for instance, may happen to be the wisest, but the chances are more in favor of his being the weakest. It would need little argument to overcome a system by which the oldest man in the country would be selected for President. And yet that is what we would have in the nation if the rule of the Patriarchs that obtains in Congressional government were extended to the government at large.

Venerable statesmen could doubtless be found who would argue that by settling the Presidency by age rather than by votes, much saving of money and time would result, although the emotional debauch that marks our quadrennial democratic spree could be retained through various forms of contests among the centenarians, nonagenarians, and octogenarians who thought themselves qualified under the age-rule to govern the country. As the people really have little to do under the present system but to choose between the two candidates offered them by the political bosses of both parties, the Venerables in Congress might well argue that contests to decide on the oldest man would still give the people that delightful, if unfounded sense, of participating in popular government. There would be no end of election sport with opportunities for betting and odds in the search for birth certificates to substantiate the claim of the candidates. In this way, too, the newspaper excitement and headlines—with the extra copies sold on startling developments—would also be taken care of—no unimportant part of our national elections and one not to be lightly considered in the establishment of a new idea. Thus, in place of the sweaty, uncomfortable and absurd June Conventions in Chicago, we could have special correspondents dashing over the country, with liberal expense accounts, reporting something like the following:—

Ohio Candidate (102) Fails Because of Faulty Proof

Birth Certificate Turns Out to Have Been His Grandfather's

Indiana Man (101) Now Forges Ahead

Further interest might be developed by leaving unsettled the question as to how far years decide the age and permitting the condition of body and mind to be considered factors in arriving at who is the Oldest Man in the Country. Some men are old at 70, some men are senile at 60 and just as in the selection of the heads of some of the leading committees in the Senate, men seem to be selected because they have not had any idea for 20 years so by throwing open the question as to what constitutes Senility the public interest could be increased. This feature would possibly meet with the approval of some of the more aggressive papers whose talents lie in the direction of what is called "Human Interest." So that we would have stories and head lines treating this new development in this fashion:

Texas Man Makes Novel Claim for Presidency

Although Only 82 Claims to be Oldest Man in the Country As He Has Not Had an Idea in 60 Years

U. S. Supreme Court May Uphold Constitutionality of His Claim

And in the final days of the decision what an outburst of patriotism and enthusiasm there would be when under some such rule as now pertains in the Senate the final victory would go to the patriarch who succeeded in getting to the White House at 12 o'clock on March 4th at least seemingly alive and able to sign his name without the assistance of more than two men holding his arm.

Iowa Man (99) Wins Presidency

Triumphs Over Vermont Man (103) As Latter Drops Dead Going Up White House Steps

Texas Candidate (102½) a Close Third, Dying Shortly After Midnight

**Favorite Utah Man (106 $\frac{1}{4}$) Poor Fourth, As Doctors
Were Unable to Revive Him After Long
Railroad Trip**

Who can say that democracy has even the prospect of failure when so many possibilities in the way of innovation are still open to provide the people with a sense of their power and when high office can thus be thrown open to those who are not burdened with ability.

* * *

If we were sure of intelligent Democratic rule, if there were evidence that there would be reforms such as the abolition of seniority rule, the prospect of Democratic success at the November election would not frighten or startle business men. But the glee with which Democratic papers have hailed the possible retirement of Henry Cabot Lodge would indicate that a Democratic Congress would be, in many quarters, a signal to re-open the fight for the League of Nations, against which the people of this country voted by millions two years ago.

Senator Lodge may have his idiosyncrasies and there may be many flaws picked in his record, but he has been an able, courageous and scholarly leader of the Senate, and the part that he played in the League of Nations controversy justifies his return. The people of Massachusetts will be doing themselves little credit if they failed to support him at the coming election. But there is little danger, for with the elimination of Mr. McCall, Senator Lodge's election is sure, and the country is to be congratulated on that fact.

It is rather amusing to see the so-called independent Democratic papers, the ardent apostles of reform that for years pointed to Lodge as the scholarly type of statesman that ought to be kept in public life, now turning against him because of his successful attack on the League of Nations. It would only be fair to say, perhaps, that the idea of the League and the bitter fight made for it and that is still being made for it, has helped to broaden the American point of view and will help to make America an active participant in any conference of the world powers that is for the betterment of humankind.

The idealism of the pro-leaguers should not be denied, but it was an idealism that was very much like that which Theodore Roosevelt described as the "lunatic fringe" in the Progressive movement of 1912—it needed much the saving grace of practical considerations. What a mess the country would be in today if we had been obliged to participate in the various European conferences! If today the powers of Europe were able to do what they would have been able to do if we had gone into the League, dictate to us the part we should be playing in the frightful European chaos that is slowly disappearing, because Europe has learned it cannot lean helplessly on America or force America to carry its burden.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*A UNIVERSE WITHIN A SPARK**

NO one but a professional in chemistry or physics who closed his books on either of these sciences ten years ago is likely to have a clear understanding of the development of the study of the atom in recent years. If it were to serve none but those who wish to have an outline of that development, the little volume recently brought out by John Mills would merit the highest praise. But the work does more than that: it is the story of the discovery of a new universe, the history of the opening of a realm far greater in importance than that which Columbus gave to mankind. For within what is known as the atom, scientists are discovering laws more important than those of Newton, are making deductions which overshadow those of Darwin; within the atom they are discovering the age of our earth, the sources of our energy, and the secret of life itself—scientifically speaking.

We shall not attempt within the limited space of these paragraphs a paraphrasing or even an outline of the gist of the work. It must suffice to point out that it shows that within the past twenty years it has been definitely established that the line which was formerly drawn between chemistry and physics has been wiped out. A study of the protons and electrons within the atom will explain facts in what were formerly separate sciences. By the laws deducted therefrom, the transmutation of metals, or better stated, of elements, is shown to be not a possibility but a fact. Such substances as lead, for instance, are the end-products, the left-overs, resultant from the activities of proton and electron whereby some original substances which existed eons hence changed first into one metal and then another, until, finally in the form of lead, the system within its atoms became satisfied and further mutation has halted. It now remains to be seen whether scientists can reverse the process and effect remutation—or, as the alchemists used to put it, discover the Philosopher's Stone.

It is not to be inferred that an exposition of this discovery is the purpose of Mr. Mills' book. Frankly, this is but one of the more sensational features of it. The real purpose is to show how the study of what goes on within the atom explains such phenomena as radioactivity, electricity, light, heat, the X-ray, and so forth.

Mr. Mills' exposition is exceedingly clear and designed for the layman. While his English is simple and his treatment elementary, it is not as easy reading as the morning newspaper. It is necessary at times to put the book

down and to work with a pencil. The reader must give as much as the author. But the effort which must be expended to master the book will certainly be found cheaply given.

—JOHN STODDARD.

* "Within the Atom," by John Mills. D. Van Nostrand Co.

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF RUSSIA*



T is a difficult thing to live through two years of acute discomforts, of which nine months were actually passed in prison without losing the sense of balance that is necessary to recount the impartial. Mrs. Harrison, luckily for us, was one of those people whose judgment remained calm and unchanged and whose vision was never for an instant blurred. Her account of the two years she spent in Soviet Russia is, therefore, absorbingly interesting.

Mrs. Harrison in the first place is no Communist nor did she or does she now believe in the rule of the proletariat. She went to Russia, guided by the real news instinct that every newspaper man or woman should possess, anxious to see with her own eyes what was going on behind the closed barriers of Red Russia.

Her experiences, her friends and the routine of every day life in Moscow make up the story and are full of interest, but what makes her book still more interesting is her sane view of the political situation in the country. Mrs. Harrison does not believe that Bolshevism is any where near at an end or that the rule of Lenin or Trotzky is already doomed. In fact she believes that if they were to fall there would be nobody to take hold of the reins of Government and that the results might be even more awful.

Armed intervention from the outside and economic blockade merely weld the whole country together like one man and Monarchist, Anarchist and Bolshevik all forget their personal animosities and hatreds and flock around the standard like one man.

The only way to restore a stable form of Government in Russia is by entering into full trading relations with them and by treating them as friends—otherwise Mrs. Harrison predicts that the present state of affairs will continue indefinitely. The reason for this, she adds, is that the Soviet Government has given the land to the peasant to do with it what he will. The consequence is that the peasant will do anything for the Soviet Government. Education is the only thing that will show them that the country is being steadily strangled by the Bolshevik Government.

So much propaganda has been written about existing circumstances in Russia that Mrs. Harrison's book "Marooned in Moscow" stands out clearly for its truth and its sanity. To be imprisoned for nine months in a Bolshevik prison cannot have been an exhilarating experience—but to write the unbiased truth on being let out is a still more difficult task.

—RONALD TREE.

* "Marooned in Moscow," by Mrs. Marguerite Harrison. (George H. Doran & Co.)

THE RUSSIAN SOLUTION*

FEW Russians recently writing of their unhappy country have contented themselves with as dispassionate assembling of fact as Mr. Pasvalsky's account of Russia's history in the Far East. Laymen whose knowledge is vague or whose memory of Russian expansion has grown dim will welcome this concise summary at a moment when the United States is seeking orientation in Far Eastern questions. This is not to imply the author's indifference on the subject of Bolshevik Russia. He is at great pains to emphasize the alertness of the Soviet Government and its far-reaching strategy to utilize every unrest or stirring nationalism throughout Asia as a channel for the spread of the social revolution, regardless of any sympathy of the original discord with its own aims. Communist Russia is frankly internationalist, using that country as a base for world revolution, and such activities are just as foreign to the national interests of Russia as was the imperialism of the Tsar's Government. If Communism is not to spread to the rest of the world it must disappear in Russia, but pending the re-establishment of national statehood there it is the world powers who must co-operate to preserve the territorial integrity of Russia and establish a permanent peace in the Far East, based upon an idealistic international policy. As a reward for such stabilized equilibrium a democratic Russia is promised to emerge, guaranteed by her own inherent necessities to further the established peace and to welcome the legitimate economic co-operation which America and Japan would then be peculiarly fitted to offer. Mr. Pasvalsky wrote on the eve of the Washington Conference, but despite the scepticism of his less optimistic contemporaries he expresses himself today as still hopeful of far-reaching benefits in the Far East resulting from the achievements of the Conference.

—M. KINSBURY PATTERSON.

* "Russia in the Far East," by Leo Pasvalsky. The MacMillan Company.

MORE OF THE BRADFORD GALLERY*

HAVING discovered in himself a somewhat remarkable faculty for putting on paper a sketch of the spirit of whatsoever person he chooses, Gamaliel Bradford finds no limits with regard to subject-matter. He now proposes to go through three hundred and fifty years of American history, portraying nearly all of its important characters. Starting with the year 1900, he is working backward. He already has covered the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century.

Perhaps it were better if he did find limits with regard to subject-matter. His latest volume gives portraits of Mark Twain, James G. Blaine, Henry Adams and Grover Cleveland. So far, so good. But it also covers Whistler, Henry James, Sidney Lanier and Joseph Jefferson—not so good. To be sure, the workmanship expended on the latter four

* "American Portraits, 1875-1900," by Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton-Mifflin Company.

is excellent, but why must it be wasted on them when, for instance, John Hay, Choate, James Whitcomb Riley, J. P. Morgan and Professor Langley are crowded out? One suspects that for the sake of variety, minor lights have been allowed to enter.

When the book is read at one sitting, Mr. Bradford's trick of forming an appreciation of a character is uncovered. He begins first with a few paragraphs on the education and youthful environment of the subject and then passes on to a brief mention of the accomplishments of the man—whether paintings, poems, acts of statesmanship or what not. Next come a few passages on domestic life and friendships, and following them a word or two on his appreciation of the various arts. Then comes something on his religiousness and finally his philosophy as revealed in his works or acts or conversations. Simple as the scheme is, it actually produces very satisfactory results and no better approach to the study of any man could be made than through one of Mr. Bradford's essays on him.

—F. K. L.

THE NARRATIVE IN BRAZIL*

BECAUSE most of us are ignorant of the literature of Brazil, in spite of the increasing commercial relations between that country and ours, there is a cult here which believes that the time has come when we ought to take up Brazilian literature in a serious way. Hence a group of short stories translated from the Portuguese of some of the more important writers of Brazil by Isaac Goldberg.

Commercial relations had nothing to do with the translation of Ibsen's works into the various modern languages. The trade of Belgium did not make Maeterlink. Do we read Leacock because we trade so much with Canada?

Granted that well-informed Americans ought to know something about Brazilian literature, were it not best to allow that literature to forge its own way and hold recognition by its own merits? When Brazilian literature, or any other, can do that, no proselyting is necessary. The collection under review will have no appeal here, except to students. As the short story is known in English, these cannot be so classed. Unless explained, they are without appeal. And the translator seems to have felt this himself, for he devotes not a small part of a small volume to a professorial treatise on the literature of Brazil and enters into a discussion of values intra-Brazilian in the manner which is so carefully applied to make our high school students hate their own literature.

—A. F. Low.

* "Brazilian Tales," translated by Isaac Goldberg. The Four Seas Company.

WALL STREET VIEWED DISPASSIONATELY*

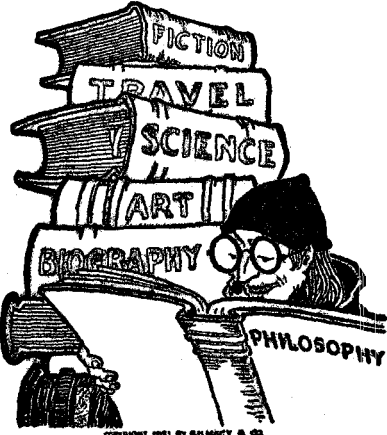
VERY timely indeed is the latest of the series of business books by Dr. Huebner. If there were more books of this kind, or perhaps more readers of such books, the recent scandals in connection with bucket shops and the stock market would not have proved so costly for the victims. Most of "the public" gets its knowledge of the stock market by very costly personal investigating, with the result that none of the very many pitfalls are avoided, and each generation comes along with a goodly part of it unduly prejudiced against Wall Street. The whole business fabric of the country suffers as a consequence.

Hence the need for an exposition of the stock market instead of an exposé. Dr. Huebner starts with the simplest definitions and proceeds through axiom and proposition until the whole science of "the street" is completely and simply outlined. All technical terms and operations are explained. The professional operator will here find justification for the many functions of the stock market expressed in terms more concise and authentic than he perhaps can frame them. The layman and the student will find a good deal of the Wall Street haze lifted after reading it. There is bound to be some legislative action in connection with the stock market as a result of the recent failures, and no one who desires to think intelligently in connection with such action can do better than consult this volume if his knowledge of the subject is anything short of perfect.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

* "The Stock Market," by S. S. Huebner. D. Appleton and Company.

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